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MONTREAL

VOLUME 1 No 4
DECEMBER 1967

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help

au secours

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Ville St-Michel

Published with continuous irregularity, with exceptions made for uprisings, revolutions, & other groovy scenes.

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25¢ off the Isle of Montréal
subs: \$1.75 for 10 issues

Entourage

Andy Andy	Andy
Yves Chaput	prisonnier
Brian Clark	oculist
Heather Cumming	company cook
Roger Diamond	espionage
Danny Drake	pharmacologist
Gérard Gazagnadou	ouvrier
Paul Gregg	eavesdropper
John Gusdorf	keeper of pets
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Rob Kelder	chauffeur
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*owner

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"L'AFFAIRE DES SALTIMBANQUES"

Nine members of the Saltimbanques Theatre Group were arrested on 25th September last by the Morality Squad of the Montreal Police, while taking part in a play by Pierre Moretti "Equation pour un homme actuel" at the Youth Pavilion.

These nine young actors were taken to the police station and before appearing in court were forced to submit to a medical examination. They are now awaiting trial, accused of having taken part in an indecent performance. The play in question, however, had received most favourable notices in several Montréal papers.

The undersigned have all seen Moretti's play. They are convinced that "Equation pour un homme actuel" is an experimental work of considerable artistic value. They have therefore decided to form a Committee ("Le Comité pour la défense des neuf") to help the nine actors concerned. The Committee firmly believes in the right to freedom of artistic expression. Further, it believes in the citizen's right to have access to creative work. It condemns all interference tending to limit these rights.

The Committee, acting in the interests of the accused, invites all those who value the right to freedom of expression in our society and who would like to participate in the defense of these nine young people, to send their contributions to the following address:

LE COMITÉ POUR LA DÉFENSE DES NEUF
C. P. 65, STATION G,
MONTREAL 18

Neuf comédiens des Saltimbanques ont été arrêtés le 25 septembre dernier par des agents de l'escouade de la moralité de la sûreté de Montréal alors qu'ils participaient à une représentation de la pièce de Pierre Moretti, "Equation pour un homme actuel", donné au pavillon de la Jeunesse.

Ces neuf jeunes comédiens, emmenés au poste de police, ont dû subir des examens médicaux inacceptables avant de comparaître en cour où ils s'apprêtent maintenant à subir un procès sous l'accusation d'avoir participé à un spectacle indécemment. Pourtant la pièce qu'ils interprétaient avait reçu des critiques élogieuses dans différents journaux de la métropole.

Les sous-signés ont vu la pièce en question. Ils sont convaincus que "Equation pour un homme actuel" est un spectacle expérimental d'une haute tenue artistique. Aussi ont-ils décidé de former un comité dans le but de venir en aide aux neuf comédiens. "Le comité pour la défense des neuf" croit à la liberté d'expression artistique et au droit des citoyens d'avoir accès aux oeuvres. Il condamne toute intervention visant à limiter ces droits.

Ce comité servira d'intermédiaire entre le public et les accusés pour recueillir l'appui financier nécessaire à leur défense. Tous les citoyens soucieux de la liberté d'expression et désirant venir en aide aux jeunes comédiens sont invités à faire parvenir leur contribution à l'adresse suivante:



LE CHATEAU

Aremu Scan 2015



LES ETATS DU CANADA OU: CANADA,

par
Jacques Larue - Langlois

Même si on se considère comme étant de gauche, même si on considère la majorité des délégués aux états-généraux du Canada français comme les tenants d'un nationalisme étroit, conservateur, presque réactionnaire, il faut bien se rendre à l'évidence, la session des 23-26 novembre derniers des états-généraux constitue une des dates les plus importantes dans l'histoire de la libération à venir du peuple québécois. Le Canada français pensant typique était là. Il a étudié sérieusement des tas de problèmes et il s'est prononcé sans équivoque sur la majorité des questions qu'il était appelé à trancher.

L'échec des états généraux de 1966 et le prétendu noyautage de ceux-ci par des éléments indépendantistes militants avait permis de mettre sur pied une organisation extraordinaire et d'assurer par des élections absolument libres à l'échelle de tous les comtés, une représentativité sérieuse. Evidemment, il n'y avait là que des délégués de ceux qui, dans chaque comté, s'intéressent à la chose publique et plus particulièrement aux problèmes constitutionnels canadiens et québécois. Cela n'est que normal et bien suffisant pour qu'action soit prise. Ce sont les minorités pensantes qui éliminent des délégués agissants lesquels forcent l'action de la masse qui elle, parce que nous n'avons pas encore su lui en inculquer le goût ou la volonté, ne pense à peu pas mais se contente de suivre le mouvement.

Or, le mouvement est amorcé irrévocablement.

Et qu'on ne vienne pas nous faire le coup de Claude Ryan et mettre en doute la représentativité des états généraux, version 67. Je me permettrait de citer ici une fédéraliste notoire, Mme. Solange Chaput - Rolland, qui écrivait dans *Le Devoir* du lundi 11 décembre: "...il est faux d'affirmer, de prétendre, de sous-entendre que les as-

sises de la Place des arts ont été orchestrées par des indépendantistes ou que les délégués étaient pipés à l'avance... Par ailleurs, personne ne me fera croire que ces 2000 délégués sont tous des séparatistes qui s'ignorent, des hurluberlus, des ultranationalistes. Je ne prétends nullement connaître personnellement tous les membres des états généraux, mais une assiduité de plusieurs mois à la plupart de nos assemblées, m'autorise à dire que nos délégués, dont 75% sont âgés de 35 à 45 ans, ne sont pas des enfants dociles qui se laisseraient manipuler dans un sens ou dans l'autre, sans qu'au moins une petite poignée de gens en lesquels je crois, en aient été conscients."

Ce n'est pas le quasi mutisme des chefs politiques actuels, tant québécois qu'outaouais, qui empêchera l'impact de cette importante session. On y a vu des délégués des ghettos francophones situés hors des frontières québécoises se rallier sans restriction à la thèse de l'indépendance du Québec. Une grande partie de ces francophones gravement menacés d'extinction a compris que le seul salut possible résidait en un Québec libre; et ils l'ont dit hautement, le claironnant au grand étonnement de ceux qui les avaient délégués ici. Voilà qui me semble très important et qui devrait clouer le bec à tous ceux des nôtres qui osent encore s'opposer à l'indépendance du Québec sous prétexte que nous devions protéger les minorités francophones de l'Ontario, de l'Ouest et du Nouveau-Brunswick. Plus nombreux que les autres, ces derniers pourraient peut-être s'en tirer s'ils n'étaient victimes du

plus colonisé des premiers ministres sur lequel ils fondent tous leurs espoirs sur les traîtres et les vendus de Saint-Laurent et de Laurier avant lui.

On y a vu les délégués québécois voter à 98% en faveur du droit à disposer d'eux-mêmes et une solide majorité de 63% de tous les délégués se prononcer en faveur de cette motion stipulant que "les canadiens français constituent une nation dont le Québec est le territoire national." On y a vu l'ovation réservée à René Lévesque, dernier en date et déjà pre-

GENERAUX FRANCAIS, MON CUL.

nier en popularité des leaders indépendantistes du Québec.

Qu'on ne se fasse pas d'illusion, les états généraux de Canada français auront au moins permis aux dirigeants du Mouvement Souveraineté de lancer de façon grandiose ce qui devrait s'avérer la plus extraordinaire campagne de formation d'un grand parti politique populaire capable de prendre le pouvoir en deux élections provinciales.

Il n'y a plus du tout de doute: le processus de l'indépendance est en branle et ce n'est plus qu'une question de temps. Plus qu'un moteur, la session des états généraux de novembre dernier en fut un symptôme indéniable.

Le prochain motto: Canada, mon cul! Et pour les anglophones du Québec, en attendant qu'ils apprennent le français -- ce qui ne saurait tarder s'ils sont intelligents--Canada, my arse!

FONDS DE SOUTIEN POUR LES "46"

On November 17, 46 young men were arrested at the demonstration, against the U.S. war of aggression in Vietnam, in front of the American consulate. They are going to trial for "illegal assembly," and (one of the 46) for "grievous assault," on January 15.

L'Union générale des étudiants du Québec has undertaken the defence of these men, but money is urgently needed to cover the expenses of the proceedings.

Cheques should be sent to the attention of the:

Le 17 novembre, 46 jeunes hommes étaient arrêtés. Ils appartenaient à la manifestation contre l'agression américaine au Vietnam, devant le consulat américain. Ils sont accusés d'"attroupement illégal," et un seul de "assaut." Le procès aura lieu le 15 janvier.

L'Union générale des étudiants du Québec a pris leur défense, mais il faut des fonds pour les dépenses du procès.

Souscrivez au:

FONDS DE SOUTIEN POUR LES "46"

L'UNION GENERALE DES ETUDIANTS DU QUEBEC

112 Ouest, St-Paul

Montréal, Québec

849-6291

CONTEMPORARY SAINTS

One of the interesting things about the films of Peter Watkins is his repeated use of the formula of the television documentary. In *Culloden* this technique--interviewing the historical characters directly, using a contemporary commentator speaking into the camera, using a voice-over narrator reeling off statistics--produced a very ambiguous effect: while it stunned the viewer with the audacity of his anachronistic conceit, it also gave to the situation a remarkable power and immediacy. On reflection, though, this very propagandistic recreation of the past becomes a contemporary search for reality: if nobody can really know what the past was like, in our terms, the artist is entitled to present an imaginative reconstruction as powerful as possible in terms of contemporary concerns; and the genocide of *Culloden* becomes an archetype of what is going on in Vietnam. It is no longer a matter of the past helping us to understand the present, but the present giving us a perspective for viewing the past, and that view of the past in turn reinforcing our understanding of the present. This may be propaganda in its attempt to push the means of communication as far as they can go with no particular regard for the end, but it is also an attempt to understand or deal with the nature of reality. In its stress on the importance of this kind of recreation, the film suggests that some things are more real than real, and that the events of history are pretexts for individual experience.

Plastic Doesn't Itch

From what I gather of *The War Game* (which I have not seen), the same technique is used there to suggest the immediacy of the consequences of an event in the future or in the hypothetical present. And, surprisingly enough, Watkins' latest film, *Privilege*, sticks to the formula of the television documentary, despite the fact that the film is

otherwise more naturally suited to a purely fictional treatment: there is a clear storyline, the cast of characters is small, the dramatic progression is clearly outlined. Yet in the middle of a dramatic sequence, Watkins will interrupt with voice-over narration or direct interviewing. Clearly this is not a failure of nerve: the consistency with which it appears suggests a clear design, and it seems at first like an attempt to contemporize the future, to make it immediate and perceptible. But that future also seems in so many ways trivial in comparison to the grand moments of *Culloden*. Granted, it is amusing and/or terrifying to watch the Church and State stage a Nuremberg rally (with shades of Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*) in order to create conformity with a pop singer as cult object. But this is not the future; it's the present. The Church is already using the latest pop art movements to modernize its appeal to the public, it is more and more aware of its image, and in fact the current trend toward demythologization of religion (from Bultmann and Bonhoeffer to Bishop Robinson) is sometimes dangerously close to leading the Church straight into Madison Avenue. The biggest pop stars are all business corporations; the Beatles (whatever their artistic merit) are members of the Establishment (much as they try to avoid the burdens of the office); all the Hollywood stars are corporations taking cuts instead of salaries from their pictures; and the step from acting into politics, as we know, is quite small (in a recent interview, Mrs. Ronald Reagan said: "We didn't think there would be too much difference between acting and politics. But there is. People always recognized Ronnie, and we thought, 'how could you be more recognized?' But it's a deeper and wider recognition, an extension of the picture business." Ah, yes.).

The fact that Watkins is able to

use the television technique as a convention in three such enormously different contexts suggests, of course, that his real theme is not the ostensible "message" of the battle of *Culloden*, of World War III, or of the rise and fall of pop singers, but rather the techniques and conventions of the new technology itself. In essence, these techniques have the tendency to make us accept as real something which is not necessarily so. *Privilege* contains a whole framework of ideas concerning the social value and political advantage of this kind of acceptance (and those critics who denounce the film for its trivial treatment of the pop star world without paying any attention to the implications of Watkins' technique, are just as likely to become the victims of the daily newscasts and their prejudiced objectivity). When Steven Shorter the pop singer in the film, presents an elaborate song number in which he appears as a prisoner, caged by a brutal police force, and acts out the alienation of the individual caught in a sadistic authoritarian society, he is simply doing what the great movie industries have been doing for ages. He is, in fact, acting out what Watkins himself is doing: i.e. trying to channel audience responses in certain specific directions deemed valuable for social, metaphysical, or private reasons. In a very real sense, *Privilege* is an allegory on Peter Watkins' own relationship to his audience, and it mixes his contempt for the audience that has made him a success with his contempt for himself for accepting that success. And, because Peter Watkins is Steven Shorter, the overtones of 1984 do not exist in the film to create sympathy for the audience which is being so carefully manipulated: the sympathy is all for the creator, the Steven Shorter, who is suffering agony as he notices himself becoming a victim of the cult he has created, who finds that, in fact, instead of being a pro-



by

PETER
OH LIN

ducer of certain goods, certain talents which the audience consumes, he and his managers have become consumers gradually enveloping and devouring the audience for their own private ends. It is all implicit in the technology of mass communications, and the really moving part of *Privilege* is Watkins' attempt to use the technology itself to denounce it, to educate the audience into an awareness of what is happening. The victim of exploitation is not only the audience, but the exploiter himself.

I Need Somebody To Love

The point is echoed by Michael Harrington's book *The Accidental Century* which suggests that the contemporary technological revolution is different from those of the past. "Where the conscious revolutionists of the past proposed visions which outstripped reality, the unconscious revolutionists of the present create realities which outstrip their vision." These unconscious revolutionaries are those who, while keeping technology under private control and using it for private purposes, have quite casually caused a technological transformation of our environment so breathtaking that they now find themselves threatened by it. What our culture seems to have lost, therefore, is not just the golden age of the past, but that possible utopia of the future as well. We are left with a present that hardly seems bearable. The only way to recover it is to repossess the future: "in an age such as this when change is epidemic, the present does not hold still long enough to be studied with archeological objectivity. Today is always partly tomorrow and can only be understood in movement, futuristically, speculatively." Or, in the words of Marshall McLuhan, "we study the future the better to understand a present that will not stand still for inspection."

What Did We Do That Was Wrong?

The problem of the present and the future, and of the present as the corruption of the future, is clearly the central problem of Don Owen's film *The Ernie Game* (shown recently on CBC television). Ernie Turner is a young man who turns in all directions trying to find somebody who will play his game; but all he finds is the mechanical buzz of a no-answer signal on the telephone. The film consistently presents alienation as a series of confrontations seen in terms of games. Most of us, for instance, play very definite games with the past: we construct elaborate histories of our past in order to sustain the images of ourselves we need to cope with the demands of the present. Ernie somehow, cannot play that game: he has an unfortunate but inveterate habit of making up his past as he goes along. Because he lives immediately in the present, without preconceived notions as to what shape he wants to give it, he keeps changing his past in order to make it conform to the present. (And although many of us recognize ourselves in such behavior, we do not all do it on Ernie's scale or with his consistency.) Most of us, too, play games with the future: we lay out plans of action, we have ambitions, desires, needs for security, goals, which govern our present attitudes. Ernie's awareness of the present does not let him do that: he doesn't want a job, just money to live. (Although many of us, again, recognize that sentiment, we do not usually act upon it simply because we have reconciled ourselves to the demands of the future.)

Are You One Of Them?

Most of the ordinary games that people play leave Ernie cold. His problem is that nobody wants to play his game. He tries love: but one of the girls tells him that he disrupts everything and turns it into chaos; and both girls in the film find that their own demands for security are too urgent to let them involve themselves in the life of Ernie Turner. He tries photo-

graphy as a means of outlining the borders of his experience, but it never becomes meaningful enough: it leaves too many things outside the borders of the frame. He tries crime: holding his gun high he walks straight into a drugstore and succeeds beyond the wildest dreams of success only to find that experience as meaningless as others unless he can talk about it as an experience; but other people are interested only in the money. In all his undertakings he is defeated by his own innocence. In his own words, he is a saint a man who knows that everything is the same, that there are no differences. Consequently, he says that he cannot make up his mind whether he is a man dreaming he is a butterfly or vice-versa. His sainthood, his absolute innocence, his total commitment to the present instead of the past or the future, make him a threat to the depravity of our everyday living; and we end up by finding him dirty, repulsive, shiftless, lacking in ambition, anti-social, immoral. In the end, he is all alone, completely isolated: you simply cannot play a game all alone. He calls a number, any number, on the phone, saying, "I want to talk to somebody. I want to live." But once the sleeping pills are swallowed, it may be too late for the Ernies of this world.

I'd rather have one blossom today

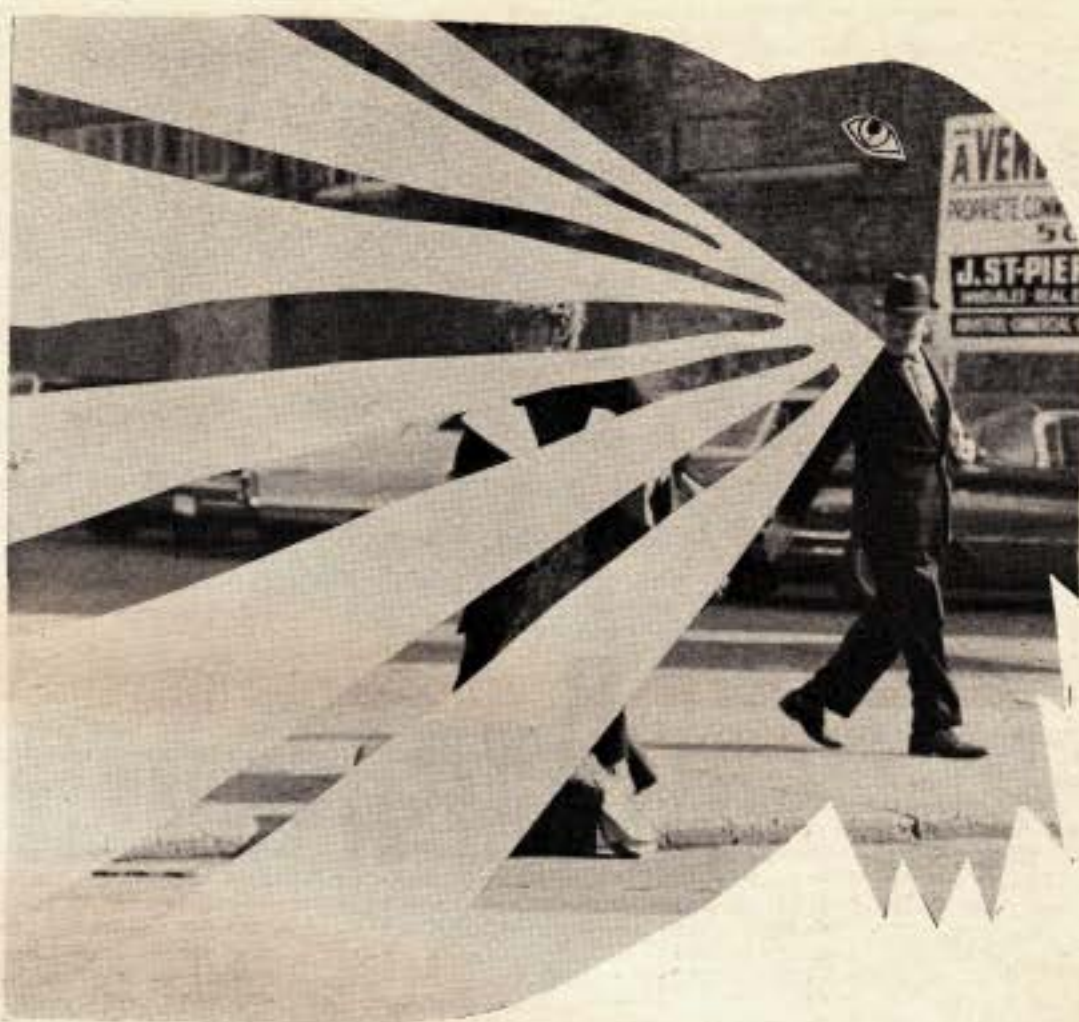
Owen's insight is the price we have to pay for freedom, as well as the implicit recognition that for one reason or another we have all sold out and committed ourselves to a system we did not know about in advance: we have sold our future. Ernie's awareness seems to echo that of the composer John Cage among others: things are. He finds the present both delightful and painful in the same way that Krishnamurti (according to Cage) when asked why God permitted so much evil in the world could answer: "To thicken the plot." It may be significant that in the recent *Take One* interview, Owen quotes Cage's statement that there is just the right amount of pain in the world, a statement which only makes sense as an acceptance of the absolute present but is obviously inhuman as a projection for the future. To Ernie, the future does not matter because it's already here, in the same way that the past is here. This point, again, is well stated by Cage, when he says that "our poetry now is the realization that we possess no-

thing. Anything therefore is a delight (since we do not possess it) and thus need not fear its loss. We need not destroy the past: it is gone, at any moment, it might reappear and seem to be and be the present. Would it be a repetition? Only if we thought we owned it, but since we don't, it is free and so are we."

Not everybody can live with this kind of unlimited freedom: Ernie can't, perhaps because the rest of us won't let him or refuse to see him. But John Cage, in the manner of Zen Buddhism, finds endless delight in the fact that "the world is teeming: anything can happen." And Don Owen certainly fashions *The Ernie Game* into a liberating experience. By ignoring a conventional plotline, for instance, with its implicit dependence on a past and future that can be appropriated, he forces us to articulate a new set of responses to the present in more immediate terms.

Than a truckload when I'm dead.

For most of us, sainthood is not a goal. Having sold our future, we view the freedom of the saint as a threat to our sanity. But unless we can recover it we may find our sanity a metaphor for madness. That, finally, is the lesson from both *Privilege* and *The Ernie Game*.





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BAYER SPELLS GRASS [TO THE THOUGHT POLICE]

A No-play in two acts separated by a jail sentence and a lunch-break.

Written by: Mickey Poslun & Robert Kelder

Directed by the RCMP

Canadian Premiere in Canada's Capital - (Ottawa?)

(note: any resemblance to persons living or dead is intentional.)

CAST in dis-order:

Crown: A Hiccup from King George; Canadian for State

Tony Seed: Editor of Canadian Free Press. Brother.

Joaheim Sauve: Very-straight Magi-straight.

Douglas Ford: RCMP Big Mama Constable Medford: #1 daughter

M. Poslun: Witness- Author Noel Lormer: Merry Witness #2

Plus assorted goodies, bodies, heads, anxious parents and other comedians.

ACT I - The Bust-In

The scene is the apartment of Mickey Posluns on 260 Laurier Ave. East, Ottawa.

It is the early morning (7AM) of Sunday, Sept. 24, 1967 and all the seven occupants or guests are in deep slumber.

Outside it is still dark. Suddenly through the door, which is unlocked, enter Douglas Ford and his four daughters - the five supreme guardians of virtue and morality - with flashlights.

Constable Medford: (Having discovered the culprit's bedroom) He is in here Dougie.

Ford: (barging into Seed's room) You are under arrest. Everything you say will be used against you.

Medford: Look what I found - right next to the bed on the table here - a waterpipe. And there is ashes in it too.

Ford: Caught you in the act, eh Tony? Possession of marijuana. O.K., let's go.

Tony: May I see your warrant please?

Ford: No, you have already seen it before.

(Ford is here referring to the first issue of the Canadian Free Press which had an article attacking the use by the RCMP of open warrants.

Formally called writs of assistance, they allow the police, on suspicion of drug possession to go anywhere and search everywhere. A copy of an open warrant was published in an article which also described Douglas Ford and his

superiors as a contemporary social and political cancer.)

Medford: (picking up some papers from Tony's desk) Look Dougie. Here is a photograph of us busting some kids on the Mall. You weren't planning to publish them by any chance? Were you Tony?

Tony: Now that you mention it yeah.

Ford: Take them along as evidence.

(The search party now shifts to Mickey's room where Mickey and Father Bernie Gilgun are still asleep, unaware of the creeping cancer. Enter the RCMP, waking them up and asking for identification.)

Ford: (Reading Gilgun's papers.) Well, what do you know - A priest. Are you going to say Mass here this morning?

Bernie: Now look here. I don't understand. I'm a guest here and....

Ford: O.K., search him.

Bernie: (who has gotten out of bed, is searched) Don't you people have any decency? One of the sisters: What would your bishop say of all this, eh?

Bernie: He would pray for you (In the meantime the rest of the occupants are up and converge on Tony's room. They're ordered back to their rooms. None of them is thoroughly searched. The sisters, after having checked Tony's room are about to leave with the waterpipe and a bundle of Seed's papers)

Tony: Can someone make a list of the documents?

Ford: No.

Tony: (protesting) It is my right.

Ford: (pushing Tony out of the door into the hallway and handcuffing him) My, Tony, you are getting violent.

Exit 5 sisters with their prize.

INTERMISSION

(Tony spends a day in jail, is released Monday afternoon on 300\$ bail and trial is set for Nov. 27, 1967.

ACT II -- The Trial-In.

The scene is Courtroom 32 of the Ottawa Police building Clerk calls the court to session. All rise for the entrance of the magistrate and sit down again.

Crown: You, Tony Seed, are charged with unlawful possession of marijuana. How do you plead?

Tony: (In suit and haircut) Not guilty.

Ford and #1 daughter in union: When we entered the room of the accused we found a waterpipe full of ashes. We also have here a report from our dominion analyst, Mr. Begstead, stating that he found 50 (fifty) mgm. of begital residue of cannabis marijuana in that waterpipe. (They make way for the first defense witness Mickey Posluns).

Crown: Have you ever smoked marijuana in your apartment?

Magistrate: I advise you to answer under the protection of the Evidence Act so that nothing you say can be later used against you.

Mickey: Yes, I smoked marijuana the evening in question

Mickey: I saw Tony load the water pipe with cigarette tobacco and ground pure aspirin in his bedroom sometime between 2:00 and 4:00 in the morning. I also saw Noel Lormer in that room.

(The second defense witness, the accused (accused?) Seed now takes the stand)

Tony: I had come home shortly after 10 o'clock that evening and settled down to work on the layout of the front page of a new issue of the Free Press. The difficult part of the layout was the arrangement of pictures of Constable Ford and Medford arresting hippies on the Mall.

Crown: Why were you publishing photographs of the RCMP under-cover agents?

Tony: Because of the fine quality of the pictures and their newsworthiness. It was also because of our opposition to police-state tactics. Actually, we were expecting the police to stop us from publishing them and in fact Noel and I had been discussing the likelihood of my arrest just before Noel left.

May I also point out that the Free Press is published co-operatively by the whole staff and not by me and that also the apartment and the pipe were co-operative property.

Magistrate: Did you or did you not smoke marijuana that evening?

Tony: No, what I smoked that morning and evening was a mixture of tobacco and aspirin. Contrary to some claims, it does not produce a high. Or at least not with me and at about 5:00 o'clock I fell asleep.

Noel: I came to the apartment shortly before 10:00 o'clock when Tony was not yet home. While I was waiting for him, I picked up a waterpipe in the living room and went outside onto the porch. There I smoked some marijuana I had bought from a friend in Toronto. I returned the pipe shortly after and set to work on the account book of the newspaper. After that, Tony came home.

Crown: Why do you dislike the RCMP?

The trial ended here because the judge complained of a headache and was last seen heading in the direction of the Indian Craft Shop.

Author's note: This play may be reproduced as the occasion "warrants" it.

LOOK

FOR

THE

CROSS



Political Criminals Continue The Struggle In Canada

There are reports that somewhere between 3000 - 7000 Americans have fled from the United States to Canada because of the draft. Until October 21st, when a small group of Americans calling themselves "Americans in Exile" marched in the anti-war protest here in Montréal, and another group did likewise in Toronto, the American community had been peculiarly silent.

Guys come up, get landed immigrant status, and disappear. They bother no one, either forget or deny that they are American, and stop taxing their minds and hearts about the politico-economic system that forced them to leave their homes, their friends and their families, and the struggle to create a more meaningful life in the United States, just because they felt it wrong to kill innocent people.

Je Suis l'Homme-Cœuf

Fortunately, I think, this "quiet," "assimilated," "I pass for an English-Canadian" period for American exiles in Canada is just about ended. This, of course does not mean that all Americans will become activists, but it will only be a matter of time before a relevant political force of American draft resisters develops.

The emergence of organized exile activity at this time is related to a number of specific factors. One is that more and more activists or genuine draft resisters are turning up in Canada and especially Montréal. Let us distinguish between draft dodgers and draft resisters, though I recognize that the dichotomy is not universally recognized amongst the exiles themselves.

Je Suis l'Homme-Cœuf

Draft dodgers have been, are now, and will continue to be the most numerous of the Americans. They have a gut-level of reaction against going into the Army or prison. Their motivation may vary from opposition to the war to opposition to authority figures in general, etc. They are likely not to have been active except possibly for infrequent participation in demonstrations. They are relatively unsophisticated politically and have convinced themselves, possibly, that they are genuine pacifists in the Gandhian tradition, though they are likely never to have been in a civil rights or peace demonstration wherein they or their friends got smashed over the head. When the dodgers get here their only concern is for themselves--no regard for the anti-war, anti-imperialist movement. They often don't

even bother to give much needed feedback to the Montréal Council to aid War Objectors about their interview by immigration officials. Sometimes they may even disappear with money lent them by a sympathetic Québecer. After immigration, their goal is to make it here instead of there (U.S.). Maybe they disappear into the Canadian middle class or maybe they just bum around. Maybe they get active, but are always careful to play

Germany. The resister reasons that if he refuses to give them (the government) two years of his life in the Army, why the hell should he let them get five years of his life in prison? He feels that going to prison might make sense if it were politically relevant and effective. But the only thing that going to prison can accomplish is a sense of self-righteousness for the individual. And then again you might go crazy being in jail,

arrival in Canada as exile. His mind and heart are with those who continue to struggle at home. He sees his brother or friend being dragged away by two cops at a sit-in on CTV news for 20 seconds and he wishes he were there. He sees people he knows or people he doesn't know (comradeship of the movement often overcomes lack of formal acquaintance) being beaten at Oakland and wishes he were there to help them fight back.

Now that he is here, in comparative safety, the resister may broaden his perspective. He reads. He thinks about what he has done. He tries to learn about and relate to the struggle in Canada. The radicalism of the separatists interests him just as that of the black liberation movement does in the states. He wants to learn French so he can communicate with the people who are his hosts. So the "Americans in Exile" set up French lessons.

Nous Sommes Tous Ensemble

The other important factor is the movement in the states. Those who have fled to Canada have left a movement which is growing in strength and in militancy and in the potential ability to bring about revolutionary change in America. Hans Morganthau, in a recent article in the "New Republic" identified "what ails America." His article was pessimistic. America, he says, has gone beyond the point where radical reform can solve (bypass) the problem of social disintegration, as FDR was able to do in the 1930's. And he says quite correctly that the perspective for the future of the United States is increased oppression by force -- possibly outright fascism. Unfortunately, Morganthau doesn't understand the New Left or the black movement and because Washington has nuclear weapons and because we Americans have let so much time go between revolutions, so he believes revolution impossible. But it is that recognition that nothing else is possible to change America that is leading increasing numbers of Americans especially the youth, to recognize that they must make a Revolution.

Je Pleure

The increasing militancy, use of violent resistance, and the dumping of traditional ideas of non-violent civil disobedience testify to the growing revolutionary direction of the American movement. That movement is just now waking up, becoming alive, and growing. It is not clear whether or not we may be able to return to fight the battle on the "home front." If the movement were totally crushed, as the revolutionary movement was in Spain and other fascist countries, then the exiles coming here would have to recognize that to be to-

(cont. page)



down their American origin. This is, of course, a general and non-specific description. There are many exceptions and different degrees to which the above is true.

Je Suis Le Phoque

The draft resister, on the other hand, is an activist. Often his political activity antedates the peace movement. His decision, not to go to prison, as many have done and will do, is based on his understanding of the system, which he recognizes as responsible for the war. This may be a sophisticated political recognition or a gut-level recognition of the inherent shit of the current American system. But he knows he is not a liberal who can sit down and discuss "rationally" the little points of error in policy and advice which have led the United States to the point where it is the most blatant threat to world progress since Nazi

lacking all freedom, activity, girls, etc. The resister stays as long as he can in the states, because he knows that that is where the real struggle is, where the battle has to be fought and won. Often, he used to think he was a pacifist, but he is likely to have changed his mind. Perhaps he has been with black people in the freedom movement and seen too much brutality to believe in Gandhi-ism any longer. Perhaps he was at the recent wave of demonstrations where he saw white people, for the first time since the labor organizing of the 1930's, getting smashed over the head by troops, cops, and marshalls. Maybe he still feels he couldn't kill or use violence now, but he is beginning to get an understanding of revolutionary violence and thinking about how to fundamentally change social institutions.

The resister views his

AMERICANS IN (exile)

BY
JERRY BORNSTEIN

Americans in exile(cont.)

tally absorbed in thinking about the states would be irrelevant and that they should dedicate themselves to the movement here. But this is not the case.

Moreover, the development of an active exile community here with close links to the movement in the states is crucial to the success of that movement. In the past year and a half we have seen the fantastic growth of a "We Won't Go" movement in the states. By committing themselves to refusal to serve in the Army, young men are committing something very comparable to Fanon's "irrevocable act." They become political criminals. The options of a complacent white middle class life are no longer open. One cannot be a successful lawyer, doctor, or high school history teacher, if one refuses to serve in the armed forces. There are three options open to him: (1) go to prison, (2) go underground or to Canada and continue to work in the movement as much as possible, (3) go to some other country: Canada, Sweden, Brazil, etc. and make a new life - be successful.

Assis dans le Corn Flake

One major failing of the "We Won't Go" movement has been precisely that it hasn't dealt with these options; it hasn't dealt with the question, "What should one do after he refuses to go?" A political movement which takes its most committed members and has them wind up in prison for five years or immigrating to another country to assimilate into that society is self-defeating. The only relevant option for the anti-war movement is the development of exile communities. A movement which

merely depletes its country of its best activists or puts them in prison is ridiculous.

Regarde comme ils courent

Our emphasis on being exiles and keeping abreast of the development in



the states is not due to nationalism or to an ethnocentric idea that the only meaningful revolutionary movement is the American one. In coming to a foreign country we broaden our perspective. No matter where we go we cannot escape the United States. America today is literally screwing the world. Even here, wherever you look, you see Upjohn of Canada, Ford of Canada, General Electric of Canada, Dow Chemical of Canada, etc. The American economic exploitation is everywhere and must be fought everywhere. We can communicate and work with movements in Canada on

the basis that we are Americans in exile, forced out of our country because of our opposition to that very system which is screwing them as well as us. The French need not fear us because we have not come here to join the English middle class or capitalist class, and thus to live comfortably while we exploit them. We are exiles seeking refuge - temporarily, we hope. While we want to work with them - English and French - we have learned something from the black power movement. Coalitions are based on cooperation between groups of mutual respect and power. The black people sent us white boys home to organize our own community so that some day we will be able to join together to affect real change. And they were right. So should we organize for the radical French separatists or the labour unions as some would have us do?

Regarde ils volent comme un singe dans le ciel

We would not be revolutionaries if we did not cooperate with and work with the movement here. We would not be revolutionaries if we came in with some kind of superiority complex and decided to organize the people here. The Canadian movement, the separatist movement, must reflect the needs, interests, attitudes, and lives of the people it represents. It must be an indigenous movement. Any contribution American exiles make must be secondary. And we must recognize and clearly state to our friends here that though we are warmly welcomed to live and fight here, we are only adopted sons, just as Che, in his farewell letter to Fidel, recognized how wonderfully the Cuban people had treated him though he was not a native son.

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ARTICLE
IS
ABOUT

T ... SCHOOLS ...

TATTERED TEXTBOOKS & TORN MINDS

Ken Thorpe left school a few weeks ago. His card under the index file "T" read "Left school to go to work" which was an euphemistic way of saying that Ken agreed to cut his hair and wear "proper clothes", but refused to give up what he felt to be sacred--his integrity. His principal, in that putrid paternalistic manner tried to convince the 18 year old that the SYSTEM CAN'T BE CHANGED SO EITHER FIT IN OR GET OUT. But then maybe it was time to get out -- like the routine was getting monotonous and people carrying ad copy and royal commission reports kept nagging Ken with the news of the "great beyond" STAY IN SCHOOL BOY -- DON'T END UP LIKE ME SON--YOU CAN'T GET A GOOD JOB WITHOUT AN EDUCATION -- But like so many of his contemporaries confronted with lillied lippped squack boxes spewing forth the great liberal tradition, Ken no longer found school relevant to his life style and his perspective of the world.

Like sitting in straight rows staring at the dandruff dripping from your buddy's hair isn't exactly Ken's idea of "communicating with his fellows;"--or mulling over tattered textbooks officially authorized by some dribble head who he knows no better than the guy up front -- who insists on structuring everything under the pretext that this is a democratically run class and the stu-

BY PAUL GREGG

dents are free to ask questions on the material which the teacher thinks is important for the enlightenment of tender and naïve minds ... of the achievements of Ol' Abe when he freed the slaves and preserved the Union in the interests of "liberty, democracy, and justice" ... while Che lies dead in the backwoods of Bolivia where Time magazine and the CIA have again "made Latin America safe for Alcoa, and..." --"HEY' TEACH' I WAS WONDERING IF YOU THINKS THE GOV'TS IN LATIN AMERICA ARE REALLY MILITARY JUNTAS AND THE -- U.S. ..." --"Listen, son, I don't know what you got on your last exam but that sort of thing isn't on the curricula and we have to get our notes organized..." "Ya, teach sure, I love you teach, no role player you -- just give it to us straight baby -- I'm patterning my life after you--and daddy, too--you're my models -- like the chick down the hall who keeps giving me all kinds of little tests with ink blots smeared on them -- and all I see is pussy so I must be abnormal because they're supposed to be rabbits--back to back. I'll take my beefs to the student council, where, after we have discussed the Christmas dance, we can talk about student freedom, and the right to smoke in the can.

And so it goes. So maybe drop-outs like Ken should consider themselves lucky, for getting out of the mess. McLuhan claims that over 90% of the

kids attending our educational factories are psychic drop-outs, anyway. Many experts in the educational field, such as Friedenberg and Paul Goodman feel that the schools have become so bureaucratic in their structure, so authoritarian in their role, so machine like in their functions, that no human being, bent on leading a creative life should go near the place. (See Goodman's Compulsory Mis-education; Friedenberg's Coming of Age in America). As Goodman puts it, at every level, the schools have "become a universal trap" where "democracy begins to look like regimentation." He considers elementary schools "a baby sitting service," high schools and colleges as "instruments of a middle class elite that has imposed upon itself a morale fit for slaves." Supplementing rather than offsetting the mass media, the schools teach students... that life is inevitably routine, depersonalized, venally graded; that it is best to toe the mark and shut up; that there is no place for spontaneity, open sexuality, free spirit." Now Goodman's indictment is perhaps too inclusive, but as a general assessment of North American education, it is devastatingly accurate. Those who cannot play the game of assimilating fragments of information from timid men, drop out, having demonstrated their unsuitability for preferred membership in the Great Society. The majority who survive the conditioning "go on to the same quality of jobs, culture and politics."

Letters, Letters, Letters

But what does a kid do when he cuts out? Smoke pot? Hit the highways? Sure, that's part of the answer. At least he gets some of the shit out of his system. Then maybe he should go back, bow down to almightyallah, and beg forgiveness for his trespasses against the system???

No, there is one avenue which Ken and many bright kids like him are exploring. The idea of the "free school." Knowplace and Everdale are two such schools now flourishing in Vancouver and Toronto respectively. They were set up by groups of disgruntled students and teachers who had come to realize that schools are a put on, prefabricated boxes totally preoccupied with the task of processing prefabricated products for a synthetic society. So, instead of trying to convince the authorities that they should "reform" the schools, i.e. make them more tolerable, they decided to set up their own forum.

The forum simply consists of a community of peoples, living together co-operatively, and doing the things they enjoy. They feel that learning is a 24 hour affair and consists not merely of the accumulation of disjointed facts, but of a whole array of new experiences and involvements. As one student puts it, "We wanted a place where we'd be free to learn what we wanted to know, and not just what the teacher thought we ought to." Everdale, for example, is nestled on a farm, just north of Toronto, and the students, in addition to covering the required courses, indulge in projects of their own making, such as playwriting, delving into African history, anthropology, Bob Dylan, pottery, making films, visiting prisons, etc.

Sentences, Sentences, Sentences

At Knowplace, to achieve the freedom they want, the kids have thrown out formal lessons, exams, report cards, grades, predetermined curricula, and timetables. Instead, Knowplace permits independent study, organizes field trips to industrial plants, magistrates hold "talk sessions" that begin in the Forenoon and sometimes run to 3 or 4 the following morning. Knowplace students smoke, use four letter words, dress as they please, and, I may add, make all school policy decisions themselves.

In such an environment, the students are more relaxed, spontaneous, and creative, because it is their community unencumbered by all the unnecessary

schools (cont.)

bureaucratic machinery that stymies learning. People relate to each other as individuals, delving into issues of concern to them, rather than play roles and babble about irrelevant subject matter. And most important, each person gains new insights into himself and the world in general, because the learning process evolves from the interplay of personalities and ideas, rather than from the vague abstractions of a textbook. In the process, the youngsters learn to make decisions for themselves and participate in projects of their own choice. In the end, they acquire a sense of responsibility and involvement in every facet of the community--a true learning experience for leading a fruitful and creative life.

Verbiage, Verbiage, Verbiage

Once a young man or woman is given opportunities to truly experiment with new and old styles of life and thinking, the opportunities for further self development are boundless. Youth knows instinctively that the society which they have been asked to inherit stinks, and they want to indulge in new experiments and ideas in order to become involved in something that is real and vital to them. They want to know why Canada insists on leeching off the U.S. and why the U.S. perpetuates an unpopular war in Vietnam; how to enjoy sexual relations with others; what makes a good film; who is abnormal; how to mould meaningful careers; is god dead? They are already questioning but the answers the older generation offers are clichés, unimaginative, and unreal. WHAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR PAPPY AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME--BECAUSE PAPPY AIN'T HAPPY AND DON'T HE KNOW IT BETTER THAN ME...

Goodman puts the problem in another perspective. "Growth like any on-going function, requires adequate objects in

the environment to meet the needs and capacities of the growing young person, until he can better choose and make his own environment. It is not a "psychological" question of poor influences and bad attitudes, but an objective question of real opportunities for worthwhile experience. It can be shown that with all the harmonious belonging and all the tidying up of background conditions that you please, our abundant society is at present simply deficient in many of the most elementary objective opportunities and worthwhile goals that could make learning and growing up possible. It is lacking in enough man's work. It is lacking in the opportunity to be useful. It corrupts ingenuous patriotism. It corrupts the fine arts. It shackles science. It dampens animal ardor. It discourages the religious convictions of Justification and Vocation and it dims the sense there is a Creation. It has no honor. It has no Community. His passionate concern is to educate the "sons of the free, to be free and exercise initiative in the world they inherit." And Free Men do not mature in prisons.

Rhetoric, Rhetoric, Rhetoric

Since the high schools are incapable of coming to grips with the issues Goodman raises, then it is the responsibility of students and teachers of integrity to get out and establish forums, where they can. Since the schools are tightly involved with the style and performance of the dominant system, then significant reform is well nigh impossible. The only alternative left for young people still blessed with a social conscience, still plagued with the unrelenting desire to change their own lives is to gather the clan and get going. That's how such projects as Logos, Goddard College (Vermont), the Black Power movement in the States, underground films, co-op housing and Rochdale college in Toronto, slum projects in Chicago, and Halifax, and the

utopian communities all over America, started.

Many poor blacks and middle class whites alike realized that the traditional methods and institutions were no longer capable of meeting their needs or those of a rapidly changing world. Like the black in the ghetto, the students in their brain factories have no choice but to take the initiative and build viable alternative "communities." Only when the free schools, for example, have begun to flourish, and more and more people realize the barbarism of school systems as they now exist, will any significant changes take place. Personally, I put my faith in the free schools. If the institutions won't change, at least people can. And the time couldn't be riper--than right now!

As a matter of fact, a number of disgruntled students who happen to inhabit the glowing suburb of Beaconsfield are already planning to open their own free school downtown next fall. Anyone else interested in "starting their thing" should get a hold of a magazine called THIS MAGAZINE IS ABOUT SCHOOLS, published in Toronto, P.O. Box 876, Terminal "A", or contact Montreal's Free University-843-4486

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The Free University of Montreal

The aim of the education program of the Free University of Montreal is to provide an environment where individuals and groups of people can create their own educational experiences. The emphasis will be on group discussions and action projects as opposed to the traditional professor-student lecture process.

The following resource people will conduct seminars and workshops in the following areas:

1. Astrology. Axel Harvey: Leave message at 288-3014.
2. Intergroup Relations in Social Action Projects. Denis Gagné: 844-4986.
3. The Jewish Foundation of the Revolutionary Tradition. Mickey Posluns: 844-4076.
4. Community Theatre--A Catalyst for Social Change. Rob Kelder: 288-8746
5. Illustrated Searches into Geomental Physics--Graphics, Drawing, Illustration. Jim Schwartz: 843-4486.
6. Revolutionary Violence of Community Regeneration. Ken DuPuis: 843-4486.
7. The Mobilization of Anarchy in the Environmental Mind--A Psychological as opposed to Political Approach. Nasos Steryannis: 843-6693.
8. Community Regeneration--Free Schools, Co-ops, Publications, Utopian Communities, Coffee Houses, Underground Radio, etc. Paul Gregg and Harvey Fite: 843-4486.
9. Photographic Workshop. Brian Clark: 843-4486.
10. Man as Machine--The Freak-out and its Personal Relevance in Contemporary Social Modes. Fred Cowt: 843-4486.
11. Liberation. Wu: 843-6639.
12. Youth and Social Change--Generation Gap, Urban Renewal, Drop-outs, Poverty and Voluntary Services, Effects of Science on Social Moods. Mark Zannis: 277-1285.
13. The Ethical Protest of Humanism through through Literature and Film. Victor Levant: 288-2552
14. Separatism--The Quebec Revolution. Jacques Larue-Langlois: 270-2086.
15. Creative Writing Workshop. Brian Segal: 486-3405.
16. Exploring the Sources of Ecstatic Experience. "Brother" Roger M. Diamond: 843-4486.
17. La Guerre n'est pas Fini--Spain since the Civil War. Nardo Castillo: 733-8635.
18. Significance of Black Liberation for our Revolutionary Movement. Jerry Bornstein:

Admission to all seminars is free--just bring food. For all enquiries regarding the Free University call 843-4486.

A general meeting of all people interested in the Free University concept will be held in January at the New Penelope to determine further programs, projects, workshops, seminars, etc.

DIALOGUE

EDITORS' NOTE: ...announcing our current symposium, entitled **DISSENT: TREASON OR SUBVERSION?** Sponsored by the "Ford (of Canada) Foundation", in conjunction with the "J.M. Kaplan Fund" (Canadian branch)*.

Our next issue (RCMP willing) will carry a paper in this series, entitled **DISBAND! DISBURSE! DESTROY!** We regret not having had sufficient space to include it immediately, considering its timeliness.

Further papers on the subject are solicited. Please address entries to: Editor X. c/o LOGOS.

* Subsidiary of the CIA International.

1 THEORY & PRACTICE OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

BY DIMITRIOS ROUSSOPOULOS

We must never forget that the mood of discontent of the post-Hiroshima generation has been expressed through the style of direct action and civil disobedience. This relatively new method of social action (in its modern form) has been the single most important means of building the existential base for the peace and freedom movement in North America.

Civil disobedience per se has been used throughout history as a means of opposing tyranny, war and other forms of injustice. From Antigone, Socrates, and the revolutionary Christian, people accepted death rather than submit to laws they considered immoral.

Civil disobedience in the form of a non-violent direct action strategy in industrial society is now being used in many countries and campaigns, by many kinds of people. It is a new and dynamic political method of social action which fires the imagination, inspires imitation, and generates broad involvement.

The process includes the use of methods which many supporters of social justice and anti-war movements disapprove of as being too militant, coercive, or as demanding too much of the individual participant. These methods may be used by the passive resister, who adopts it because he has no access to the means of armed struggle, by the satyagrahi who believes it to be a long range strategy, and by others falling between these two extremes.

Three Stages of Development

There are three basic stages of social action as part of civil disobedience strategy: "Constitutional" action, symbolic action, and direct action.

The first includes negotiations, examination and publication of the facts of the issue in question, and agitation through meetings and other means of distributing such information. It is at this stage where the basic intellectual grounding of the campaign is laid. Constitutional action gives the system within which the issue in question arose the benefit of the doubt. It relies primarily on a reasoned appeal to the authorities and the public, and assumes the well functioning of liberal democracy. Such methods, however, while they may achieve a limited goal



Above: "La Macaza," direct-action project during the summer 1964, directed against Boumaré missile base, northern Québec.
Below: Marching to Macaza, on the road leading to the base.

in a reformist movement, are unlikely to be adequate in the face of deep-seated prejudice and vested interests. Indeed, this generation has painfully discovered that liberal democracy does not match its rhetoric by its practice.

The second involves symbolic action, such as marches or vigils, which represents the emotional dimension of the issue and the movement. It helps create solidarity, visibility and confidence among the supporters. It also registers urgency, and, if well organized successfully reaches out to people seeking individual involvement. Both constitutional and symbolic action stop short of direct action. But all forms of direct action are capable of practical results, insofar as they aim at compelling the opposition to meet the persistent, sustained and uncompromising resister's demands.

A prolonged direct action campaign cannot dispense with constitutional or symbolic action, as both are necessary for spreading ideas and creating motion. Indeed, if the issue is large enough, all three sets of action can go on simultaneously. For example, a boycott campaign may include marches, slogans, badges, and other symbolic expressions. Direct action builds on other ways of resistance, it does not supercede them.

THEORY

"Among the most forceful counter-norms, or norms tending to lead many of us to reject a priori the very thought of civil disobedience, is a Lockian principle: the sanctity of the rule of law. Spokesmen for our academic as well as our political and economic establishment are for obvious reasons far happier with this part of Locke's theory of civil government. "Now, a strong case for exalting

the law (and indirectly, the lawyer) can be made from my own political ground of commitment to no system but to the sanctity of life, and the freedoms necessary for living insofar as laws (And lawyers) were to operate to protect all human lives, with priority for those most badly in need of protection. But to claim a corresponding sanctity for the laws we have today, which, as in every state to a considerable extent, operate in the service of those who are privileged and influential in our socio-economic order, seems to me constitutes an outright fraud, at the expense of all political innocents unless one can claim for oneself, too, the innocence of not knowing any significant part of our modern behavioral literature".

Prof. Christian Bay, *Civil Disobedience: Prerequisite for Democracy in Mass Society*.

Civil disobedience should do more than express opposition. It should be a form of drama which draws together the threads of the conflict and symbolises both the injustice and the most effective way of opposing it. In addition it is intended to expose injustice and violence, to rouse the oppressed from submission to active opposition, and if necessary to force the opponent into overt use of violence at his command, thus revealing to all and sundry the degree to which authority is oppressive and finally maintained by violence.

The first objective is to clarify the conflict, which may have been obscured or confused. The issue must be constantly clarified by its continuous articulation by the participants. This form of democratic action is strong and militant to the extent that it is under



stood clearly by the vast majority, if not the entirety of the activists. The second objective is to bring both sides into direct and personal conflict, to shatter stereotype images and replace them by personal "confrontation" between resister and opponent. It is a process of disarmament, social and psychological. If successful, civil disobedience may, by intensifying the conflict, cause the opponent to react initially with increasing violence. This may, however be a necessary step towards a final solution of the conflict.

At this elementary level of action:

An analogy can be drawn between civil disobedience and psychoanalysis. The person undergoing analysis is obliged to remember and recreate conflicts which have been repressed and to work out these conflicts emotionally. The analyst serves as a figure on which to project various roles in the conflict situation. During an analysis the patient may temporarily find himself in a more unbalanced and neurotic state than before as a result of this re-creation of conflict, but if the analysis is successful he should eventually resolve the conflict and emerge a more balanced personality. In a civil disobedience campaign the resisters may be said to undertake the role of the psychoanalyst, and their forbearing and understanding of the opponent may play an important part in obtaining a genuine solution of the conflict.

April Carter, *Direct Action*.

Civil disobedience can of course be a means of practical coercion as well as a means of conducting psychological conflict. If undertaken on a large enough scale and with the proper collective discipline it becomes revolutionary civil disobedience. The coercive element is stronger when it is part of economic action with a dimension of physical intervention.

Revolutionary civil disobedience is not directed at specific injustices or unjust laws but is aimed at bringing down the regime, and may involve breaking laws which are not in themselves particularly oppressive. At this stage in the campaign the regime itself is regarded as so totally unjust and unrepresentative that laws which maintain it are justifiable targets for 'attack'. The aim is

to embarrass the government as much as possible and bring the administration to a standstill. Such a campaign would only be embarked on with the mass support of the population at a time of high political feeling in the country.

April Carter, *Direct Action*.

Civil disobedience may be practised by individuals (as by Thoreau and conscientious objectors), by small groups (as by the early Quakers and the Freedom Riders), and by masses of people (as in the Indian Independence Movement and the 1952 Defiance Campaign in South Africa).

The reasons for undertaking this form of action vary. It may be initiated reluctantly by those who have no desire to disturb the status quo, but wish only to remain true to their convictions or remedy a particular fault. Or, in times of major social or political upheaval it may substitute for violent revolution, or run concurrently with it challenging its values and objectives.

Civil disobedience has come a long way since Thoreau helped to bridge the gap between individual and political action.

PRACTICE

Modern authority of the state has at its command far greater resources of violence than at any other time. Consequently civil disobedience demands more than ever before a very high degree of discipline, training and emotional stability. Although resistance to arbitrary authority comes easily to



Montreal sit-in at US consulate, 1965.

liberated individuals or groups, effective large scale resistance by means of civil disobedience requires a discipline and degree of participation (Democracy in action) which is arrived at by sophistication and training. Essential ingredients that make this form of social action democratic are anti-elitism, openness and a high degree of individual responsibility and participation.

In 1956 up to 10,000 Japanese prevented the US Air Force from taking over agricultural land at Sunakawa near Tokyo for the Extension of the Yachikawa air base in order to make it operational for H-bombers. Led by members of the Socialist Party and Buddhists, the demonstrators occupied the desired piece of land over a period of days and refused to move until the authorities gave in.

The better trained the participants the better the action can determine the circumstances that arise in its unfolding strategy, and the more democratic the action. There are now a number of excellent manuals to help training workshops: *A Manual for Direct Action* by Martin Oppenheimer and George Lakey, *Organizing for Nonviolent Direct Action* by Charles C. Walker (also in French).

FINAL NOTE:

Montreal has recently witnessed a number of actions involving civil disobedience. In one elementary form or another this style of action is always going on, whether it is housewives blocking the streets to get traffic lights to protect their children or farmers blocking the roads with their goods.

But actions like those at Sir George Williams or McGill in addition to the application of direct action by the anti-poverty and anti-war movement will likely increase. In this case a civil disobedience workshop should be established soon. There is much experience that can be tapped for this, from the participants of the La Macaza Project (a series of sit-downs before the nuclear bases 120 miles from Montreal) to the largest sitdown held in front of the House of Commons during Canada/Vietnam Week which led to over sixty arrests.

Past actions should be examined to determine their weakness, and limitation. A clearer understanding must be ascertained as to the dynamics of direct action, for a wider range of activists.

'SEXUS' BUSTED

(1) Playboy; (2) "Les ballets africains"; (3) Sexus. Keeping Montréal moral is a full-time job! Thus, we find Sexus 2 (second issue) has been seized by the police. We didn't imagine Playboy needed the aid of our mini-voice; "Les ballets africains" (being Culture with a big "C") found succor among the establishment; on the other hand, we must protest the police - run "morality" which has resulted in the seizure of a fellow mini-voice publication.

We hope it is obvious from our content that we are against the bureaucratic machine which, up to and including today, determines what is publishable and what is not; what is palatable and what is not; what is and what is not. We hereby underline the purpose of the "underground" or "free" press: we recognize no "authority" who can proclaim our morality. We view the seizure of Sexus in this light: an illegal and immoral (if we may be permitted to use a word we dislike) invasion of the right to publish.

We now turn our attention to a fellow-cause of our existence: the bourgeois press, and, in particular, to the article, in the Saturday, 16 December, issue of *Le Devoir*, by André Major, entitled: "Saisir 'Sexus'? Pourquoi pas." Therein, the author cites Sexus as an example of the reasons *The Story of O* was seized. *The Story of O*, novel of servitude, perverse sexuality, sado-masochism, allegory of the place of women in the western world today. Sexus, a valid attempt at sexual freedom, exploration, youthful joy of being able to F***. *The Story of O* is worth saving; Sexus should go. Has a reason for the "underground," run by and for young people, come clear yet? NO? Let's continue.

Why should we oppose *The Story of O* and Sexus, according to the precepts of the bourgeois press? We recognize that the slave position of women must be clarified, underlined, exposed, until it no longer exists. Why not, instead, mention some of the goodies to be found at your friendly neighborhood news-

dealer: nauseating scandal-sheets, hinting at the crimes all the sickies -- and they must be legion! -- who read them wish they could commit (let's not explore the idea that they might even encourage them!)? Why didn't M. Major mention them? Why don't the police seize them? In this witchhunt of the obscene, why are these rags spared? May we dare hint at the all-mighty dollar? Mammon? Not in our hygienic capitalist Canadian (Québécois?) society!

It continues. But we need not. Some of us have (gasp!) peeked at this apple-offered-by-a-snake and found it is anti-clerical (M. Major writes "sane people" will return to the teachings of St. François de Sales...)--a good cause of getting busted here-and not nearly as photographically-descriptive as many magazines read every day, films seen "in your neighborhood theatre," and not as pornographic as one might have wished--for a good bust!

We are gratified to hear that Yvan Mornard, editor of Sexus, plans to bring the case to court, to fight it, and, in addition, plans to continue publishing. VENCEREMOS!

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PAR Léandre Bergeron

la vie piégée

Après vingt ans, vingt-cinq ans de cette aberration, on dit non, ça ne marche plus, on se fout de moi, ce n'est plus possible, stop, arrêtez la musique, laissez-moi débarquer. On se voit mutilé, atrophie d'un côté, hypertrophié de l'autre, tordu, bossu, fêlé. On a des ces envies de se faire sauter, on a envie de tout faire sauter, de partir, de quitter sa peau, ses os, son sang pollué, on se sent pris, on nous a mis en cage, on nous a civilisés, on nous a tellement encadrés, canalisés, orientés que la vie au fond de nous ne sent, ne perçoit plus que comme un gémissement.

La vie est piégée. Les relations sont fausses. On ne sait pas se donner. On veut prendre et faire mal et cependant ne pas faire mal. On est tenaillé. On erre, on cherche l'âme, l'autre être avec qui on s'ouvrira. On étouffe dans sa peau. La pression interne augmente. Il faut se retenir, se contenir, s'abstenir, se discipliner, se maîtriser. On veut se fondre en l'autre être, communiquer enfin avec un autre être, mais le besoin est si fort que l'on lui fait mal, qu'on l'apeure, qu'il se referme, qu'on se referme tous deux, tous, dans notre prison intérieure. Evidemment, on peut chercher sa compensation par la concentration intellectuelle, l'expression artistique, l'ambition politique, le succès ou autres entreprises sanctionnées par la tribu. On cherche à se perdre pour se retrouver toujours plus pauvre, plus démunie, plus vide de vie, une loque de vie, un pantin avec son jeu de masques au cœur de bois.

To Masturbate is Human....

Qu'est-ce qu'on nous a fait? Et pour qui? Et au nom de quoi? Je suis arrivé au monde comme les animaux, tout pur, tout prêt à vivre, à étirer ses membres dans le monde, à chialer un peu, à manger, à caresser ma mère puis les petites filles puis les grandes, à donner dans mes caresses ce qu'on aime recevoir, à partager avec mes frères le pain, le travail, le rire et la mort de mes parents, à aimer une femme, me fondre en elle, me fusionner à elle, vivre d'elle comme de l'air, du soleil, et puis, éventuellement mourir. Mais non. Ça n'a pas marché ainsi. On m'a trouvé l'âme sale, on m'a écrasé l'âme de la faute ancestrale, j'étais criminel, de la race des mangeurs de pommes, de la race de ceux qui connaissent le bien et le mal, et tout de suite, on m'a emprisonné le pénis et l'anus. Sexe et excrément dans le même sac. On m'apprenait que je suis divisé en deux parties: le haut et le bas, le Bien et le Mal, la partie au-dessus de la ceinture, et cette odieuse partie en dessous. J'étais déjà bien encadré, défini, j'avais la connaissance.

...to Fuck is Divine

J'apprenais que mon petit machin appartenait à mon père à la tribu, aux Autres, qu'il était nationalisé, quoi, que je ne pourrais le réintégrer qu'après avoir signé un contrat avec l'Eglise-Etat. Je me rend compte maintenant que l'individu doit subir pour obtenir le droit d'appartenance à la société civilisée. On m'a divisé contre moi-même. On m'a fait perdre mon unité, ma précieuse unité, mon harmonie initiale. On m'a appris à me combattre, à m'opposer à moi-même, à briser mon mouvement naturel vers les choses et les êtres. On m'a élevé, c'est à dire qu'on a élevé un mur entre moi et le monde. Mes rythmes naturels devaient se briser contre le mur de ma conscience. L'énergie qui sortait de moi devait être freinée, dominée, réorientée. Terrible réorientation. Détraquement systématique. Débousolage de la civilisation. Je ne devais pas découvrir le monde par mes sens, ma peau, la peau de mes mains, de tout mon corps, mais par le mot. Verbalisation. Croire qu'on prend connaissance

d'un être en le nommant! Adam et son aberrante possession de monde avec sa nomenclature. Le nom remplaçant la connaissance biologique établit la rupture d'avec les choses et perpétue l'emprisonnement du nommeur dans le faux monde des mots, dans l'intellectualisme, la vie intellectuelle. On m'a appris à nommer les choses pour que je puisse jouer avec elles sans me salir l'être dans sa glutineuse matière. Les mots ont recouvert les murs de la prison de mon être comme du papier peint. On a bouché de mots les rivières de mon être pour canaliser mes courants dans de grands bassins inutiles. Je voulais couler libre, embrasser le monde, m'y fondre pour y accoupler mes rythmes intérieurs. La loi de la tribu m'ordonnait au contraire de me maîtriser, de me discipliner, de me réorienter. Je devais me cuirasser contre moi-même, me retenir pour m'exprimer selon le code établi. Tais-toi! Mange ça; c'est pas beau; ne fais pas ça; c'est sale; ne dis pas ça; obéis. Oui, papa, oui, maman, oui, les Autres. On se sent criminel à dix ans, damné à quatorze. Ça ne peut être la vie, cette méfiance, cette vigilance, cette peur, cette terreur, ce terrorisme systématisé. Pas étonnant que débordent nos hôpitaux mentaux et nos prisons. La vie, la vraie vie qui veut vivre nous éclate dans la peau. Et toujours la retenir, lui mettre les freins. Elle bouillonne, se calme, rebouillonne, s'immobilise et se met à pourrir. Cette précieuse énergie qui ne demande qu'à couler dans le monde se retourne contre elle-même, se brûle à cuirasser l'être contre le monde, à se retenir elle-même dans la cuirasse pour y pourrir, dégénérer en haine, en méfiance, en masochisme, en sadisme, en terreur, en destruction, en spleen, en désespoir, en mort. Ne pouvant embrasser le monde, on vient à le détester. Il est des éruptions malgré soi. Les digues lâchent momentanément. Mais on se rattrappe vite. Et dans chaque éruption, c'est la haine qui s'exprime parce que l'éruption suppose une faille, et la faille, faute, et la faute, culpabilité. La vertu c'est la discipline, l'acte maîtrisé. Et en même temps le moi se cultive. Les Autres nous ayant terrorisés, emprisonnés en nous-mêmes, l'idée que les Autres ont de nous tend à remplacer la vie étouffée.

to conceive is to err

Puisque les Autres m'empêchent de vivre ma vie, me dictent une autre vie, ils me définissent, ils ont mon adhésion, ma foi. Eux et leur croyances deviennent mes absolues. Ma triste petite vie à moi, toute timide, leur est relative. Comment la sauver de l'annihilation complète si ce n'est en cherchant à me récupérer en leur montrant un moi qu'ils aiment reconnaître. Je joue le jeu. Mais je joue sérieusement, c'est-à-dire que je mime parce qu'il y va de ma vie. Parmi la tribu je dépense mon temps et mon énergie à chercher dans leur regards le oui approbateur. Ils dictent toute ma vie. Mes vêtements, la coupe de mes cheveux, mes sourires, mes gestes, mes pensées, mes émotions, mes humeurs. Je calcule, je pense beaucoup, parce qu'il faut beaucoup réfléchir pour réussir à plaire à la tribu. L'acte calculé, réfléchi, rationnel, voilà ce qui me résume. Je serai ce qu'ils veulent que je sois. C'est ce qu'on appelle la réussite. C'est la suprême aliénation. La spontanéité est morte. L'acte qui jaillit de la source de vie en moi et s'élance d'une seule coulée dans le monde, où est-il? Chaque geste qui sort de nos mains a dû passer par un immense ordinateur où on en a vérifié l'importance pour le moi. Est-ce qu'il ajoute à l'idée que je pense qu'ils se font de moi? On appelle cela la conscience de soi-même. C'en est le contraire. C'est la conscience des Autres. Les Autres mènent notre vie. Il est un autre. La vraie

NEO-COLONIALISM

by daivd orton

Canada has become integrated into the American economy; it is to a great extent owned and economically dominated by the United States. The data available show that "at the end of 1963 the book value of foreign long-term investment in Canada was \$26.2 billion, with 78% of it owned by residents of the United States." More concretely, neo-colonialism means that "by 1963 foreign residents, mostly American, controlled 60% of Canadian manufacturing, 74% of her petroleum and natural gas industry, and 57% of mining and smelting. Control was held through equity investment in Canadian companies." Canada is obviously vitally important for the United States economy.

Political boundaries defined as "Canadian" exist, it is true, yet they serve only to mystify and conceal what is essentially a neo-colonial relationship with the United States. Canada is a bourgeois democracy, i.e., it has a political system geared to maintain the ascendancy of a capitalist ruling class. For a Canadian capitalist, nationalism--if this is seen as being against American dominance--cannot be conceived of in economic terms. The root motor of capitalism is maximum profitability. Capitalism as a world-wide, tribute-extracting imperialist system is centered in the United States. The American multinational corporation can always smother, if it wants to, any Canadian competitor. Pressure on the Canadian-as-capitalist must, therefore, be in the direction of continentalism, i.e., Americanism. If the price is right, being an agent for an American multinational corporation is a higher capitalistic priority than being a nationalist. A newspaper account of a typical American absorption of three Canadian concerns during 1965--one of these absorptions brought foreign control of the food-canning business in Canada to the order of 90%--noted that, "There are occasional cries that such take-overs must be stopped. But given the willingness of Canadian businessmen to sell, no one seems to know what to do. A government proposal in 1963 for a take-over tax was hastily withdrawn because of sharp business opposition." (*New York Times*, Jan. 11, 1966) The government's gesture was obviously designed solely for its political appeal. Reality is the fact that, "In October (1966) the Liberal party policy conference in Ottawa was asked to do something to halt the spread of United States control of Canadian industry. It settled for a compromise encouraging 'Canadian ownership without discouraging foreign investment.'" (*New York Times*, Dec. 2, 1966) Any attempt at a serious confrontation with America over indigenous economic interests cannot succeed as long as Canada's political system remains a superstructure designed to serve a capitalist economy.

America's prosperity rests in large part on its world-wide tribute-extracting power, and for this reason socialist revolutions have to be put down in Vietnam or anywhere else in the mythical Free World. Canadian capitalists, as junior partners in the American extractive undertaking (Canadian long-term investments abroad were, in 1963, \$6.7 billion) must share their master's goals even if the means employed seem rather crude and ineffective at times. For this reason, pressure on a bourgeois Canadian government for a policy of real disapproval over Vietnam is a utopian endeavor given the priorities and logic of our present political-economic system. Hence, if the price is right, war material for the American death machine will graciously be supplied by Canada. If the price is right, Canada will spy for America in North Vietnam--or anywhere else, for that matter--or join any Free World military alliance. If the price is right, needless to say, our neo-colonialist government, as faithful prostitute, will carry out whatever its Washington master orders it to do.

and

THE BOURGEOIS UNIVERSITY IN CANADA

In addition to the economic penetration of Canada--and as a consequence of it--English-Canadians have culturally been more-or-less engulfed and assimilated by American values. American periodicals, magazines, radio and television programs, and the infusion of American values in the educational system (particularly the universities) are winning what is referred to as "the battle for the minds and hearts of the people." (French-Canada is an exception. This is because of a national consciousness-of-kind what is helped by such factors as the language barrier, French-Canadian television programs, newspapers edited and owned by French-Canadians, etc. Nevertheless, in the long run, these advantages will not prevent neo-colonial dependency on the United States if an "independent" French-Canada remains capitalist.)

In a neo-colonialized country the ideological functions of the bourgeois university must be critically examined by Canadian student radicals who wish to prevent their country from mindlessly duplicating America's moral crack-up and its slide internally in the direction of a repressive fascist police-state. We have to realize that the sickness and decadence that is now America will eventually be duplicated in some form in Canada unless this country's economic, political, and cultural priorities undergo a revolutionary socialist transformation.

The university here, in Canada, as in the United States, has as its primary function the task of being a service-station for the maintenance and expansion of a taken-for-granted system: capitalism. A look at the corporate affiliations of any board of governors rapidly dispels false consciousness as to whose interests the university serves. (The appropriate references for researchers are (a) *The Financial Post Directory of Directors*; (b) *Poor's Register of Corporations, Directors and Executives, United States and Canada*; (c) *The Canadian Who's Who*; and (d) *Who's Who in Canada*.) Needless to say, the people who sit on the governing boards of universities cannot as capitalists be basically hostile to the interests of American imperialism. One should not expect to find that the instruction carried out in the university is geared to the advancement of revolutionary socialist ideas, i.e., ideas which have as their basic reference group the countless millions of this world who make up Fanon's wretched of the earth. The content of most courses given in the bourgeois university thus never fundamentally questions capitalist assumptions about the nature of the good society.

What should be the attitude of the radical student towards the intellectual bourgeois fare which is offered for consumption? The appropriate model is perhaps that of the trained guerrilla fighter: know your enemy, his strengths and weaknesses. Avoid fetishizing bourgeois scholarship; that should be the job of the non-socialist academic. We need knowledge, however, to change the world.

All of us are familiar with the bourgeois professor who avoids sharp student questioning regarding the irrelevancy of material given in courses at this time of world revolution and counterrevolution. The usual ploy is to refer the student to an endless book list of bourgeois analysis which has to be read before the possibilities of dialogue may be broached. However, for the student radical, time is limited, the revolution is underway. American imperialism is increasingly under international attack. Comrades who are fighting for their lives badly need our help. The statistical principles of sampling can be brought to bear on the academic world of the bourgeoisie. Be selective in your reading, time is passing, but be able to generalize to the population on the basis of your book knowledge. The apologist for the status quo, often suffering from the disease of academic dry rot, has invested and wasted years of his life in mastering, in some specialized area, the mystifications of the bourgeois world. One must, therefore, guard against the false imposition of priorities by ideological representatives of a historically redundant social order that is under attack.





Another "scholarship" roadblock to be overcome by the radical student is the "comradely advice," usually unsolicited, given by members of that social category known as academic Marxists. Academic Marxists have forgotten that Marxism is a revolutionary theory of action as well as of analysis and have, therefore, made an accommodation with the university environment. The advice proffered by such people to the student militant is to retire to the bourgeois library and read up on what past authorities had to say. In its crude form the advice can run as follows: read, preferably in German, and digest, the three volumes of *Das Kapital*; make sure you are familiar with the entire history of the Left before daring to open your mouth about current political struggles. Socialist theoretical work is not, of course, to be deprecated—although new analyses will basically come out of actual political struggles and not out of the university. However, the essential message of the academic Marxist is as follows. There are "authorities" on the Left who will tell neophytes where it's at. One becomes a socialist guru by earning one's credentials in the bourgeois library. Student militants increasingly know, in spite of such advice, that the day of academic socialist gurus is past. The only real authority today on the Left is moral and this comes from one's actions in the collective struggle against the world of the bourgeoisie. Self- or institutionally conferred authority of the Left, as well as of the Right, has to be desanctified and exposed as part of the old order that is on its way out. Times are changing.

A particular variety of the species "academic Marxist" is a temporary migrant from south of the border. Such authorities seek to inflict the Canadian Left with their own hang-ups and definitions of the Left situation in Canada. Americans are notorious for taking their culture with them and arbitrarily imposing it on subject peoples. Some American academic Marxists, sojourning in our country, fail to understand that there can also be a neo-colonialism of the Left, which is not appreciated by the natives. Canadians, French and English, will decide the appropriate tactics and strategy for this country in the fight against American imperialism and for a socialist Canada.

Because Canada is a colony of the United States, it is particularly important that university students on the Left differentiate between reform and revolution. Reformist measures essentially accept the present American-Canadian relationship of domination and subordination and the place of the university in it, i.e., to turn out technicians, apologists, etc. to man the bastions of capitalist society. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that reformist measures which aim to liberalize the university for its class-biased members within the capitalist system can raise political consciousness, if such measures are not considered as ends-in-themselves. The student becomes a revolutionary when he realizes, and bases his actions on the fact, that the whole Canadian capitalist society has to be overturned if the neo-colonialist goals and priorities of the university within that society are to be basically changed. Students as revolutionaries need allies and alliances with other anti-bourgeois forces outside the university. Marx noted so long ago that "The ruling ideas of each age have ever been the ideas of the ruling class." In other words, those who control state power control the university. It is to the control of state power that the student as revolutionary must ultimately turn his attention.

In attempting to fight American cultural imperialism within the Canadian university, there are a couple of points that might be kept in mind.

First, student power, if conceived of as majority decision-making power, can be reactionary. Student revolutionaries should not be surprised by majority opposition to measures of decolonization undertaken within the university. Given the extent of American

cultural engulfment of English-Canada, false consciousness will not be easily dispelled. Apologists-administrators, faculty, and students—for U.S. imperialism within the university are numerous and will vigorously resist attacks on their hegemony.

Second, faculty will talk of faculty-student interests versus administrative interests. However, most faculty will capitulate whenever a real conflict or the prospect of one seems likely to arise between students and the administrative lackeys of the board of governors. Job preservation, not social change, is the number one priority for most professors. Talk of faculty-student interests is cheap for talk is, after all, the skill of the professor.

The creation of a real, indigenous, decolonized, anti-imperialist, revolutionary movement in Canada must be the priority of all Canadians on the Left. There is much to learn from what our black and white comrades have experienced and are experiencing in America. The Canadian Left is fortunate in having received many dedicated and experienced American militants into its ranks. Having said this, it must nevertheless be pointed out that it is an example of colonial mentality to directly import from the United States in a blind, unthinking way, forms of protest which were worked out for American, not Canadian, conditions. For example, certain unconscious elements of parody were undoubtedly present in the George Williams and McGill student protests. It is strange, indeed, to listen to students on the Right forecast the developments of a particular student struggle from knowledge gleaned via TV and the newspapers of American student protest movements. The political limitations of the parodying of the American Left are obvious when considering potential appeals for support to non-Americanized Canadians. Many of the weaknesses, and few of the strengths, of the American New Left have already been needlessly duplicated in Canada. SUPA, now dissolved, is a parent resurrected as the New Left committee, is a perfect example of this. The lack of organization, individualism, lack of sense of collectivity, irresponsibility, and elitism, which has plagued the American New Left needs to be overcome by Canadian students who see themselves as revolutionaries. Our enemy is highly sophisticated and organized and we must become so, too.

It is necessary to distinguish personal turmoil and development from political evolution. Especially is this so for people who write on strategy and tactics. Personal confusion should not be elevated into "political analysis." One has to have responsibility and avoid spreading personal confusion to fellow members of the collectivity, which is the Left. In the same way, community organizers have a responsibility to the people who they are attempting to organize. One needs to be fairly sure of what one is after before entering and basically changing other people's lives. The organizer can always move on but the people who remain behind cannot. The tasks facing radicals in Canada require collective action and a certain sense of humility, i.e., the ability to learn from whoever has something to teach.

Canada, to break out of its neo-colonialism, needs a socialist revolution. A socialist nationalism should become the major concern of the student Left, French- or English-Canadian. The American presence in its imperialist capitalist form must be removed from Canada by whatever means are necessary to accomplish this. Ethnic contradictions are secondary.





(Editor's note: we regret to say that the regular author of this column, p. reston, was unable to contribute to this issue, because of an unfortunate accident. While attempting to board the Métro at the Atwater station, last week, Mr. reston fell into its path, suffering no less than total amputation of his limbs. We hope he will be up and around soon; but for this issue, we offer reflections on social revolution by F.U.C. Slooog, who is a rising member of the Union of Social Metaphysics and Democratic Voyeurism).

What exactly is social revolution? Not that I assume that by naming this machine, we thereby make it operate (which is the fallacy of the liberal linguistic mode). But in the hands or voices of the stridently young, this becomes a call for the primacy of preoccupation with tendencies towards diuretic eclectic dynamisms of peculiar affinity. Granted that such a term exists, no one may grant otherwise. But have we by this basic assumption in any way approached a genesis of a trans-creative flux, or does the alternative delusion give way to an uncertain non-functional menopause? The forces of liberalism and the New Left (a post-McCarthyist sentimental hangover) have syndicated themselves into an uneasy conjunction; they now represent the main vocalic gestalt of sterile, Hileritic, bourgeois, decadent, capitalistic excretion. (An unacceptable transition towards an unlikely, but perhaps not by any means totally inefficacious, pseudosynodrome of a projected national phallic anxiety, or so one might, in the current ambiguous Neo-Freudian manner, conclude). But as new gestures of omnipotence continue to dominate what is otherwise a perfectly plausible network of radial inconsequences, I am forced to gesticulate at the vestiges of a transcendental anality of no slight proportions. It is, then, almost embarrassingly apparent--or, if not, it is advantageous to assume, in the face of a foreshadowed necessity, that it, willy-nilly, is--that what needs must be termed a revolution--a word whose semantic extrications, perhaps, render it no longer advisable as an antiphonal teaching devise--is an event the anticipation of which is in no manner lacking in discriminate plausibility.

Lest it be thought that such a conclusion is based on nothing more or less than a cohesive fabrication of irrelevancies stretching towards some indecent cloacal, I am assured by a source whose authority, notwithstanding some recent malevolencies by unclassified fascistic intelligentsia, remains unimpeached--I refer to the little known..., whose article,...appeared in a prognostication known as... (the text was regrettably illegible here, ed. note)--that certain hitherto unacknowledged subversive structures are being erected in some private parts of the incipient academic milieu, whose function is to demonstrate--I choose an example at random here--that all literature achieves its magnificence by virtue of the political theory it promulgates; a valuable emphasis, to be sure, whose value as a proposition of aesthetics is increased by the fact of its reversibility, or so one would assume, failing sufficient data to the contrary. But can one still maintain in this instance a procedural committee of painstaking suffusiveness, a complex lattice-work of intermediate rivalries, divorced, let us say, from a substantial phantasmagoria? Certainly not.

Sensible emissions to the contrary, a pre-emptive climate of spasmodic coital decay denies by its intrinsic qualitative instability, in addition to a measurable harmonic curve (a consideration whose importance is transcended only by its effebility), any support for or towards attitudes of speculative indolence, whether fostered under the jurisdiction of personal vindication or calumny. And, in conclusion, a benevolence must supercede an unsupportable masturbatory concatenation; failing such an egotistical exigency, let us prepare for it. A struggle of cosmic significance must needs perpetuate a denial of pantocratic institutionalism, nurtured under the nonrestrictive intricacies of dormant puerility.

BOOM

It is not as spectacular as "Sgt. Pepper", but the new Beatles release, "Magical Mystery Tour" is a much more solid and conceivably better album. The six "new" songs on the disc represent a significant change from the razzle dazzle of the previous record. The Beatles seem intent on perfecting the fragmented advances that have swept them, and the rest of the pop world, into a conflagration of new sounds, techniques and postures. This relaxed attitude is no more in evidence than in the instrumental, "Flying". Here they glide through a number of moods - first a basic jazz shuffle, an interesting oboe-like solo, then a chorus, until, finally, the whole thing bursts forth into lovely petals of electronic music. The tune is typical of the easy-going, yet eclectic, atmosphere that ferments the first side of the record. Again the Beatles delve into a wide variety of musical styles, from raga to country music hall, but they are not disjointed when played consecutively (as was the case in "Sgt. Pepper"); indeed, there is a remarkable cohesiveness that bonds these songs together. Absent are the indulgences into clichés; here, experiments into mood are taking place.

The consolidations made in this album are far more substantial than the dazzle of "Sgt. Pepper". In the latter work I received the impression that after half a dozen songs were conceived, there was nowhere else to go, and thus the idea of a continuous recorded program came into being. This idea failed, though, because there was no genuine reason for following it when work began on the album. In "Magical Mystery Tour" the Beatles were confronted with a concept - a bus off on a tour of Merry Old England - and the songs were built around it. There is no need to impress anymore. The Beatles are now fulfilling ideas, something they did only at times during Sgt. Pepper.

Restraint, control and considerable forethought are the keynoting aspects of "Magical Mystery Tour". George Harrison, although his songs are still bugged by lines like "Ask a policeman on the street/there's so many there to meet", has made a notable advance in "Blue Jay Way" inasmuch as he has transported his musical ideas through instrumentation that is not alien to himself. Instead of sitars and tambouras, he has made use of a chamber organ, a single cello, and electronic effects. "Blue Jay Way", which struck me as a song about suicide, contains the same passionate, yet withdrawn, intensity that one saw in "A Day in the Life". The steamy organ introduction corresponds perfectly with the lyric line "There's a fog upon L.A.", and at once a powerful atmosphere is created. And after several desperate pleas of "Please don't be long", the song ends on a shrieking, all too sudden note.

There is a beautiful touch of melancholy to the instrumental break in the bouncy "Your Mother Should Know". Paul McCartney's sheer musical inventiveness is responsible for dashes such as this, and it is that magic touch that separates the song from a camp preoccupation and elevates it to a "knowing" nostalgia. The same McCartney genius is evident in all the "Tour" songs, particularly the haunting ballad, "The Fool On The Hill". He has a flair for the exciting and bizarre, but his compositions show respect for tradition and style. Above all, McCartney has superb taste; one just knows that his ideas are accounted for from the trumpet solos of "Penny Lane" to the fine structuring of the theme of "Magical Mystery Tour".

John Lennon's searing, sardonic wit is readily available in "I Am The Walrus", a slashing put-down of the British establishment. The number is reminiscent of his two books; his puns provide his literary darts with a poison that creates chaos out of the supposed English Calm. Lennon's "Strawberry Fields Forever", in this reviewer's opinion the best piece of modern pop, is also included in the lavishly packaged album, as are a number of other previously released singles. Entirely new philosophies come into focus in this magnificent opus; Lennon seems to be suggesting that it is better to be unsure - but climb aboard anyway. And he says it, not with squeamishness or depravity, but with calm and courageous sensitivity.

Yeah, climb aboard anyway. The music's fine.... and it really is true: The Magical Mystery Tour is waiting to take you away....

DES PATRIOTES VONT ETRE JUGES; SURVEILLEZ L'INJUSTICE DE LA JUSTICE

**"JE VOUS CROIS ASSEZ INTELLIGENTS POUR COMPRENDRE
CE QUE JE VEUX DIRE."-le juge
"J'AI PENSE ALORS QUE LA JUSTICE POUVAIT ETRE COMME
LA POLITIQUE: TOUT SE PASSERAIT EN COULISSE."**

par
ROBERT MYRE

On se reconnaît très peu dans les méandres des codes de la Justice avec un grand "J", mais à un moment donné, le juge des Assises criminelles a déclaré en substance: Vous vous êtes placés dans une situation telle que vous êtes aujourd'hui en prison. C'est un peu de votre faute. Ne venez pas vous en plaindre.

Je venais de comprendre que Pierre Vallières et Charles Gagnon-- en prison depuis un an--auraient difficilement un procès juste, un procès où moi, je verrais l'application de la Justice d'un pays réellement démocratique. Je ne dis pas que le juge n'était pas impartial, mais son impartialité était inscrite dans des recueils de plus en plus contestés.

Je ne veux pas défendre spécifiquement Vallières et Gagnon. Mon rôle, ma tâche sociale n'est pas de faire respecter les lois. Cependant, par un déroulement logique et pour avoir regardé évoluer deux hommes à la recherche d'une liberté et d'une identité québécoise, il m'est venu à l'idée que ces deux prétendus coupables ont agi consciemment, qu'ils sont prêts à justifier leurs actes et que la société leur refuse obstinément cette justification, ce droit fondamental.

"Vous êtes assez intelligents pour comprendre ce que je veux dire," a déclaré le juge en tentant pour la troisième fois de ramener à la "raison du code," un Pierre Vallières remettant en question la procédure judiciaire dont on voulait lui faire subir l'intransigeance.

Mais ne nous égarons pas. Révisons plutôt les faits vécus le 4 décembre dernier. Ceux-ci parlent plus objectivement que n'importe qui.

Au début de l'instruction, l'avocat de la Couronne demande la remise du procès à la session de janvier. Il affirme que les deux détectives qui ont enquêté dans cette affaire "sont retenus d'une façon continue" dans une autre cause s'instruisant à l'instant. Etayant sa motion, il argumente que les témoins n'ont pas été assignés et que les personnes susceptibles de constituer le juré n'ont pas été convoquées. (Fait à noter: l'un des détectives, le sergent Allard, était assis à la table du procureur.)

Plus tard Vallières qui avec Gagnon assure sa propre défense déclare que c'est la Couronne elle-même qui a pris cette décision. Il explique "ce refus surprenant" de procéder alors que cette dernière à "maintes fois insis-

té pour que cette cause s'instruise le plus rapidement possible" en disant: "Le 6 novembre dernier, Me Brunet a obtenu du juge Desbiens que notre procès soit fixé définitivement au 4 décembre, soit aujourd'hui. C'est lui qui a choisi la date, et le juge a clairement affirmé que le procès ne serait plus remis et qu'il faudrait procéder ce jour-là.

"Mais," de poursuivre l'accusé, "entre le 20 et le 23 novembre 1967 s'est déroulé en première division des assises le procès de Richard Bouchoux qui, incidemment, a été acquitté le 23. A ce procès, des témoins de la couronne ont été déclarés hostiles et on a parlé de lever contre eux des accusations de parjure parce qu'ils avaient dit la vérité, c'est-à-dire le contraire de ce que la couronne voulait absolument qu'ils disent. Ces témoins sont aussi ceux de la couronne dans notre cause, et nous savons, et la couronne le sait également, que s'ils disent la vérité à notre procès, nous serons, nous aussi, acquittés. La couronne sait très bien qu'elle n'a pas de cause contre nous et c'est pourquoi elle a agi illégalement pour faire reporter à plus tard le procès."

On découvre alors un juge surpris qui se plaint de ne pas avoir été mis au courant de la situation avant l'ouverture du procès.

"C'est pour sauver de l'argent que nous avons agi ainsi," répond le procureur en chef. "Savez-vous combien il en coûte au fond public pour faire venir ici 75 personnes...\$1500.00."

Charles Gagnon se lève et avec la permission du juge déclare: "Combien Me. Brunet évalue-t-il la liberté d'une personne?"

"Je ne peux répondre à ça," réplique ce dernier.

Mais hors ces échanges, un fait reste certain. Le juge affirme qu'il n'était pas au courant de la situation. Pourtant, en me rendant au Palais de Justice le matin du 4 décembre, j'ai rencontré des amis qui m'ont informé de tout ce qui allait se passer dans la salle d'audience... donc la remise de l'instruction...donc l'absence des jurés, donc...le reste.

J'ai pensé alors que la justice pouvait être comme la politique: tout se passerait en coulisse. Ce que l'on dit ouvertement, ce sont les "officielles"; ce que l'on veut faire lire sur les procès verbaux.

Pour Vallières et Gagnon le problème est différent. Tout au long de leur plaidoyer, ils ont tenté de porter leur cause où, pour respecter l'homme et la société, celle-ci devrait être débattue: la politique.

VALLIERES & GAGNON



prisonniers politiques

"Nous avons l'impression que la couronne cherche à trouver des coupables et non à rencontrer la Justice. Son attitude cause préjudice à deux personnes qui sont privées de leur liberté," de lancer Gagnon au cours d'un bref exposé.

Vallières, lisant un texte de 12 pages, l'a marqué plus vertement: "Il est clair que l'avocat de Sa Majesté veut notre condamnation avant tout et se foute pas mal de la vérité. C'est d'ailleurs un réflexe courant quand un membre du FLQ est accusé d'un délit politique. L'important, pour la Couronne, est de le condamner et il y a dans cela une persécution politique constante et j'affirme que plusieurs partisans de l'indépendance et de la révolution au Québec sont en prison: on y ont été parce qu'on a procédé illégalement dans les caricatures de procès qu'on leur a fait subir.

"Les membres de la pègre et les criminels de droit commun ont droit, eux, à des acquittements quand la Couronne est incapable de faire preuve des faits. Mais les membres du FLQ, eux, n'ont droit qu'à des condamnations sommaires. C'est pourquoi, M. le président du tribunal, les militants du Québec libre ont fait ou font de la prison pour leurs idées et non pas vraiment pour les soi-disant crimes qu'on leur a imputés."

Cette partie du plaidoyer n'est pas passée sans heurts. L'avocat de la couronne protestait. Le juge refusait d'en rendre l'évidence officielle. A deux reprises il a repris l'accusé-avocat-amateur par besoin-de-liberté. "Je vous crois assez intelli-

gent pour comprendre ce que je veux dire," dit-il.

Etre intelligent dans un cas comme celui-là, c'est comprendre: Qu'au Québec on n'a pas le droit de contester le système; que les Québécois n'ont que la liberté de leur esclavage; qu'on condamne comme des criminels de droit commun ceux qui voudraient changer les choses; que la majorité du peuple aime encore la domination.

L'avocat de la couronne demandait la remise du procès. Vallières expliqua que trois semaines auparavant, son compagnon et lui avaient fait la même demande au procureur en chef, "parce qu'ils n'avaient pas encore reçu certains documents qui devaient assurer leur défense. Ce dernier avait alors refusé catégoriquement disant que la cause avait suffisamment traîné en longueur.

"A ce moment-là," ajouta Vallières, "Me Brunet se souciait très peu que nous soyons prêts ou non à procéder. Puisque la couronne était prête, la défense devait l'être aussi."

Le juge démêla certains petits détails, déclara que les accusés auront plus de temps pour préparer leur défense, que la question d'économie était sérieuse et accorda la motion pour la remise du procès.

Au sortir de la salle d'audience je rencontre un avocat. Nous discutons quelques minutes et je lui dis ce que je viens d'écrire.

"La couronne a agi ainsi parce qu'elle ne veut pas du juge qui instruisait l'affaire," dit-il.

Je ne sais pas si je dois le croire ou non.



La Camera

Dans

L'oeil

La chronique de ST-Pelloche

Chronique de Saint Pelloche, dieu des cinéastes.

Flinguez vous

Un cinéaste est un visionnaire: c'est vous, c'est moi, c'est Jésus Christ (le pauvre). C'est inconcevable d'être visionnaire, mieux vaut être lépreux; je suis un homme libre, mais je suis le seul à le savoir. Vous individus intelligents, vous connaissez ça. Comme la femme-auteur de ce merveilleux article de "Parti Pris" sur les zarts zartistiques.

On est tous pelloche, en fait. Qu'il s'agisse de pellicule de cinéma ou de pellicules dans les cheveux, en fait tous les humains sont les mêmes une fois endormis ou assis sur un bol de toilette. En fait. Oui. Non. Si. Ah? Bon! "Le Règne du Jour" de Pierre Perrault, c'est extraordinaire, le premier grand film d'ici qui fera du bruit. Dites le. On dirait que nous sommes la patrie des Mozarts assassinnés. On cache les oeuvres monumentales dans un contexte hystérique et non historique. Téléphonnez à Mozart de ma part. Le jour où vous vous serez jeté(e) du haut de la Place Ville-Marie, vous aurez fait un grand pas en avant. Et je vous suivrai, ami(e) inconnu(e). Car j'en ai assez d'être moi-même. Surtout au Snowdon. Que ceux ou celles qui veulent m'aider se cotisent gentiment et m'envoient un 6.35; ça fait pan et on n'a plus d'ennuis. Ou alors aidez moi à regrouper les génies, GENIES inc., et non limités. Les esseulés monteraient des superproductions géantement gigantesques. Les Hubert Loiselle seraient

vedettes, et des vrais spectateurs vrais viendraient dans la salle. OK? Sinon flinguez-vous. Surtout au Snowdon.

The Show's Down

C'est inconcevable. Saint Pelloche, ce dieu de la pellicule (pelloche en argot-slang) s'est fait insulté au cinéma Snowdon. Pauvre Julie Christie, christ s'elle savait! "Far From The Madding Crowd," est-ce un bon, ou un mauvais film? Saint Pelloche n'en sait rien. Saint Pelloche se révolte; il aime les vrais anglais, ceux de Londres, ou ceux qui ne sont pas antipathiquement anglicistes au Québec. Bref, ceux qui ont lu "The Outsider" de Colin Wilson, l'un des ces jeunes révoltés anglais ayant quelque chose à dire et à créer.

Par contre il déteste les faux jetons, morpions venimeux aux gueules à taper dedans. Ainsi ce gérant-adjoint, sorte d'immigrant beurrant son pain avec de la marmelade "made in Canada," qui a dit à Pelloche: le drapeau canadien, je m'en sacre, ce qui compte c'est le drapeau anglais. On est en Angleterre ici (traduction, of course). Et n'insistez pas, mes agneaux, pour exiger une réponse française, la caissière de ce paradis cinématographique appelle la police!

Ah, les séparatistes anglais...que ne s'occupent-ils pas de séparer les provinces anglaises des provinces françaises, qu'enfin ils soient chez-eux!

Les odeurs du film ici ne sont pas franches, ça sent le renfermé. A qui la faute, Lord Snowdon? Canadiens français soyez moutons et

vous aurez une médaille. en chocolat Cadbury's!! Comment faire du film lorsque cet art-industrie qu'est le cinématographe danse en funambule sur des planches pourries; des rondeurs ventripotentes qui ne connaissent rien au ciné mais qui veulent baiser des actrices en mal de rôles; bonne chance, mesdemoiselles! Ce n'est pas tous les jours que le citoyen Kane ou le citoyen Tremblay se livrent par le talent d'Orson Welles ou de Pierre Perrault. Voir Montréal et pourrir.

Rien

Même les hors-la-loi ne peuvent plus créer. L'époque-voyou est révolue, les dames-salons de l'intelligentsia bourgeoise aussi.

de caméra, ne serait-ce que pour filmographier une pousse d'herbe dénigrée par un coup de vent. C'est beau, c'est triste, c'est profond, mais ça ne se distribue pas. Saint Pelloche suggère que ceux qui disent quelque chose sur film s'unissent en une mafia franksinafricaine! L'Union intelligente fait la force intelligente, à condition de supprimer les imposteurs pour établir les vrais. Les infâmes admirateurs des minables sont rares. La fascination de l'échec et de la négativité n'ont plus cours, la monnaie chance.

S'il faut manger d'la m., eh bien mangeons en. En Suisse ou ailleurs les jeunes s'organisent en groupe. Les groupes de minables, les



L'Auréole insultée de Saint Pelloche au Snowdon.

Qui veut une caméra? Vous? -pour quoi faire! Fils à papa et putes à trottoir tournent leur merde, oui; mais les vrais, les purs se masturbent en silence. Nommez moi un magazine de cinéma digne de ce nom, ici: que du RIEN. Vraiment, du RIEN à chaque coin de rue, regards dénués de but, éperdue misère-besoin d'identification; ça tourne, Saturne. Vivre en diable, sacré! Les cinéastes se crèvent l'objectif

groupes d'intelligents; chacun sa place.

Oui, c'est inconcevable les pertes de temps créées par des idiots comme au Snowdon. Pauvre Julie Christie..

J'ai bien essayé de me suicider par somnifères pour oublier mais je me suis quand même réveillé; les saints ne meurent pas. Alors j'ai écrit ces quelques lignes et suis rentré chez-moi, mourir mieux.

vie piégée(Cont.)

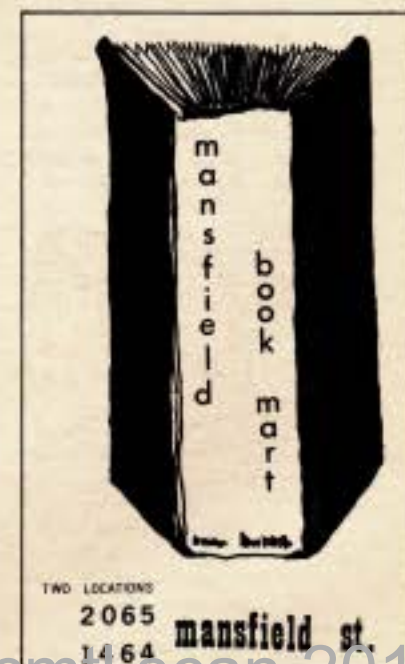
vie est ailleurs. Plus le moi se gonfle, plus l'être fondamental s'amenuise, plus la vie étouffe.

L'échec de nos amours. Toutes ces tentatives entre êtres emprisonnés dans leurs cuirassements pour se rejoindre, pour accoupler leurs rythmes. L'amour est-il autre chose entre deux êtres que l'agencement de leurs courants énergétiques? Mais si des freins interrompent les courants, comment se rejoindre? On pleure dans les bras l'un de l'autre et puis on se mutile parce qu'on croit que c'est la faute de l'autre, qu'il n'a pas su s'ouvrir, être disponible. On est contaminé et on contamine. On se passe la misère comme une maladie vénérienne. La haine qui jaillit, la rupture, la

séparation, d'autres tentatives, d'autres échecs. Et puis la tentation d'en finir. Jusqu'à ce que graduellement monte au jour le sentiment de l'absurdité d'un tel état de choses. Est-ce possible qu'on soit fait pour se haïr les autres? Est-ce possible que la vie soit par définition l'emprisonnement de la vie? Que l'amour soit aux autres à définir?

La révolution s'amorce. La vie si longtemps étouffée qui a jailli si souvent en étincelles de révolte s'aperçoit qu'elle a droit à l'existence. Les autres en tant que force de commande doivent disparaître. Le moi doit se désintéresser. La conscience de soi doit faire place à la spontanéité. Tous les faux-fuyants, humour, intellectualisme, art, ambition et aut-

res conformismes compensatoires doivent subir une revalorisation intégrale. A bas les murs! A bas les cuirasses! Place à l'amour! Car l'amour est la réconciliation de l'être avec lui-même, avec l'autre, avec l'univers. La vie s'aime. La vie réconciliée est amour, amour de tout son être, de tous les êtres. Les courants de vie qui jaillissent du foyer d'énergie que nous sommes coulent sans heurts dans l'être aimé, dans les autres, dans le monde. La vie retrouvée veut se répandre comme la chaleur. Elle s'élève pour combattre les forces de domination, de haine et de mort. La vie libérée, l'amour vital retrouvé devient le moteur de la Révolution.





towards an end to colonialism...

Pour la révolution africaine
[écrits politiques] par
Frantz Fanon; François Mas-
pero; cahiers libres no. 53-
54, Paris, 1964.

*Portrait du colonisé précédé
du Portrait du colonisateur*
par Albert Memmi; Jean-
Jacques Pauvert; Libertés no
37, Hollande, 1966.

In ten years, the litera-
ture of the colonized has
made great progress, perhaps
even more progress than has
been made in the anti-coloni-
al struggle itself. *Portrait
du colonisé* appeared in 1957
(extracts in "Les Temps Mo-
dernes" and "Esprit"), before
the better known works of the
late Frantz Fanon (only *Peau
noire, masques blancs*, appear-
ed earlier), before the
Algerian war. The dedication
is most important:

This new edition is
dedicated to my
French - Canadian
friends, because
they want to be
Canadians and
Frenchmen.

In a comparison, one would
say that Memmi had grasped
earlier the essence of the co-
lonial struggle, i.e., why it
is necessary. His is no mere
clinical analysis, no mere
psychological portrait of the
neuroses of North Africans.
Instead, there is "from the
gut" reportage and insight
into himself and his fellow
Tunisians. The thesis is
that the colonized has
grown to despise all that was
his: culture, language,
crafts, by the dialectical
process of systematic castra-
tion by the colonialist and
through the hero-worship ac-
corded the colonialist by the
colonized (the colonialist
has been a victor; until the
reasons for his victory are
understood, the conqueror has
an allure).

The colonized is necessary
-- cheap labor -- and hated,
since the colonialist senses

his guilt; it is necessary to
the colonialist that the col-
onized be destroyed, if not
physically then mentally.
Further, he must be terroriz-
ed, to keep the colonialists
-- the minority -- safe. The
process of starvation and de-
privation of the colonized
continues until circumstances
enable the colonized to real-
ize his only salvation is to
defeat colonialism, to des-
troy the colonialists, to re-
alize national independence.

Memmi, a Tunisian Jew, is
able to give an analysis of
the colonialist, showing how
his perversions continue this
despicable game; the threads
are woven together in a nov-
elistic fashion, correspond-
ing to the actual life of the
colony. The outcome is revolt
and finally revolution, after
having been refused assimi-
lation by the colonialist.
Revolution last, because the
revolt, or turning inside-out
of the colonized's self-hat-
red, rises to a veritable ne-
gation of the colonialist.

Here is the issue which
must be comprehended by the
left, including the "new
left." (Memmi is quite frank
and exposes the usually vapid
"establishment left" when
faced with the revolt of a
colony, and describes the
nauseating picture of the
"leftist" as colonialist.)
That the effects of the co-
lonization, the self-hatred,
the disgrace, and the humili-
ation of the colonized, must
be effaced by a total upris-
ing of the people, of a new
and total self-love, a self-
evaluation putting all that
was once "negative" into a
"positive" position, some-
times creates the vaunting of
those things we would find
disagreeable -- and that we,
the brothers, sisters, sons,
and daughters, of the coloni-
alists, must accept this, be-
cause we can no longer play
the role of "conscience",
i.e., the "great white fath-
er", of the colonized peoples
of the world.

It is interesting to put
this work into perspective
with Fanon's *Pour la révolu-
tion africaine*, a collection
of his writings from 1952 to
1961.

In 1956, Fanon addressed
"The First Congress of Black
Artists and Writers", the
text of which is published
under the title "Racism and
Culture". Despite its peda-
gogic style, it often comes
through with surprising beau-
ty and clarity:

If culture is the
total of motor and
mental movements,
born of man's
meeting with nat-
ure and with him-
self, one must say
that racism is as-
suredly an element
of culture. There-
fore, there are
cultures with rac-
ism and those with-
out.

Racism is never an
added element, dis-
covered by chance,
by research into
the depths of the
cultural notions
of a group. The
social constella-
tion, the social
ensemble, are pro-
foundly changed by
the existence of
racism.

He then describes how, and
advocates an end to racism
via liberation.

A people who under-
take a struggle
for liberation,
rarely legitimize
racism. Even dur-
ing the sharpest
periods of the
armed insurrection,
one never aids in
the mass purchase
of biological jus-
tifications.

The largest part of the
book consists of Fanon's art-
icles in "El Moudjahid," the
central organ of the F. L. N.
Again in this section, as if

he were moving back to 1952,
Fanon begins with a piece en-
titled, "Deceptions and Illu-
sions of French Colonialism,"
which lacks the clinical con-
ceptions and references of
his earlier work, but still
returns directly to the most
elementary part of the prob-
lem: the unmasking of coloni-
alism. That is to say, he
returns to writing as if the
reader, once again, had to be
convinced that colonialism
itself was evil, rather than
describing the Algerian expe-
rience itself, his involve-
ment in the war, the Pan-Af-
rican movement, etc., which
he does in the following ar-
ticles (naturally, this is
not a criticism of the writ-
ing of the book: each piece
was published separately, and
not designed especially to
form a unified curve toward
total revolution). However,
the enormity of the situation
with which he was faced be-
gins to come through:

M. Mattei revolts
against his taint-
ing of French dig-
nity and honor ...
One cannot find a
better example of
what must be call-
ed the total per-
version of the
moral sense ... one
must learn that
only the moral
consequences of
these crimes on
the souls of the
French interest
these humanists ...
Such exclusion of
the Algerian, such
ignorance of the
tortured man or
the massacred fam-
ily, constitute an
entirely original
phenomenon.

No more pulling punches, no
balm for the guilty liberal--
Fanon has plumbed the depths
of the "French soul" and
found nothing, nothing but
the soul of a colonialist.

(CONT. OVER)



Colonialism (CONT)

It is possible to go through each of the succeeding articles, picking out the most striking examples, but it becomes successively harder, for from here on, everything Fanon has to say is of the utmost importance. That the man's clinical mind has become this piece of revolutionary hardware is utterly remarkable! Fanon goes from writing exclusively on the Algerian war (occasional pieces on the Antilles) to a call to all Africans, struggling for national independence and liberation from neo-colonialism, to face the armed struggle. Early on he realized the importance of the struggle in Algeria: it meant to the emerging African nations either the hastening of their own true liberation, giving them the courage necessary to face the threat of war with the "mother country," or the opposite, setting the movement back by showing the superiority of technology over Mao's (and Giap's and Che's) "people's war." We find the same phenomenon today, with regard to Vietnam and the emerging Latin American countries.

FUCK COMMUNISM

We have heard a lot about Fanon; we've heard it said that he is the basis for "black power" movements in the USA, and dozens of similar phenomena; probably, we've heard something about his notions on the necessity of armed struggle to lend dignity to the oppressed, to whom this has been denied for centuries. This rather narrow view of Fanon's importance is unfortunate, and perhaps due

mainly to the appearance of *Les damnés de la terre*, in which this aspect of Fanon's thinking is emphasized. Actually, I believe *Les damnés de la terre* has much more, but it is such an overpowering book, utterly unbearable at first to anyone -- white -- who has been "helping" black liberation movements, in the USA; perhaps it is unbearable at first even to blacks who have tried to put up with their white "fathers," and finally have had to realize the untenability of this position.

The beauty of this collection, *Pour la révolution africaine*, is that one can read it in smaller sections, each fully developed, but not completely overwhelming. Fanon's thinking emerges magnificently through his beautiful prose, and one is lead, undeniably, to the point where the liberation of the black man is thinkable -- his true liberation, I mean, not his "renaissance" in the image of his white bourgeois brother. What both Memmi and Fanon have to say about the respectable white left is invaluable, and undeniably has taken a place in the ideology (even if ideology is forever claimed nonexistent) of the new left.

For myself, the best section was the penultimate piece entitled "This Africa to Come," from Fanon's journal in 1960, when he was at Accra, first, and then reconnoitering and finally settled at a new base (for the F.L.N.) in the summer of that year. Again, it is the poetic Fanon, but a poet with a purpose, tied with magnificent fervor to his brother Africans. The

opening sentences give the fever-pitch of the entire piece:

To set Africa in motion, to collaborate in its organization, in its regroupment, according to revolutionary principles. To participate in the movement prescribed for a continent, it is that, definitively, the work which I have chosen.

To a westerner (or at least this westerner) who could not comprehend the tortured emergence of African states, Fanon gives the key: despite the contradictions and internecine quarrels, the major movement of the west is to destroy the possibility of any African unity, in order to continue the neo-colonialism so close to the pocket-book of the imperialist. This was Fanon's battle, to attempt to show how to unify the continent, to attempt to create a free Africa able to contend in a world engaged in a manichean struggle between super-powers.

FUCK CAPITALISM

The lack of appreciation of this collection has led to some superficial criticism of Fanon, and some profound criticism also, but still criticism lacking the entire spectrum of Fanon's thinking, i.e., his ideas on African unity, the bankruptcy of the traditional left. I have heard Conor Cruise O'Brien insist that Fanon's view is

at best applicable only to Algeria, and "selected other parts" of the continent, because colonialism had not penetrated in such depth to other parts of Africa, and that, therefore, no nationalistic war of liberation could be undertaken. On the other hand, in the final piece in the collection, on the death of Lumumba, O'Brien and Fanon concur on the inefficacy of the U.N. in solving the problems of the Congo, and that the veritable role of the U.N. is the last resort for the super-powers, when they must get out of a situation without "losing face," or simply to aid in western imperialism.

FUCK YOU

Both Memmi and Fanon are valuable to anti-imperialists today. In general, Memmi gives a more detailed picture of the leftist-colonialist, something which should be studied by all leftists, but his later description of the colonized, while detailed and illuminating, lacks the piercing quality of Fanon's analysis, and lacks the development which Fanon himself shows: once having detailed the colonized, he continues his work to both liberate his brothers in deed and in word, and to show us, aliens, this process and its importance.

The struggle against colonialism, particular type of exploitation of man by man, situates itself therefore in the general process of the liberation of men. A.S.

LINGONNIE COURAGE
2145 BLEURY (849-6872)
(PRES SHERBROOK)



POT PLANT
17" high with pot
AT THE **THE PURPLE UNKNOWN**
2145 BLEURY (849-6872)
(Below Sherbrook)



350 DIFFERENT POSTERS

LET THE BATTLE BEGIN

Whatever became of Canada's year of narcissistic frivolity and harmonious, uncluttered "pacem in terris a mari usque ad mare"?

Expo's over -- and almost Centennial year itself (that there was ever a difference is a subject of much debate) -- but already the sides are drawn and ready to do battle in a number of Canadian fields:

-politically entre les deux nations and, for the sheer joy of it all, between all the divisions and subdivisions within each camp.

-socially between all sections of the country due to the backfiring of the Centennial Commission's "Know Canada Better" plans. French Canadians found that Albertans really do dislike Quebec's basic aims and rights and Albertans found that one-third of Canada doesn't speak 'God's language' and has been allowed to remain.

-economically between the post-Expo, post-American dollars messinists and the eternal, "things-could-be-worse-than-a-million-unemployed" optimists.

-touristically between the pro-Americans and their green 'e pluribus unum' and the anti-Americans, as well as all those who followed the path of 'Le Grand Charles.'

-militarily between hawks, doves and 'escapecotes,' that is, "Canada -- nation of the free or free of the nation."

-and virtually every other -ically you can list, including basically and sevendaisically.

Squeezed out into the back ground, in order to keep to the Canadian tradition of a hundred years, is literature and, not too suprisingly, it too is feuding in 1967 but in a Battle of the Style that has taken on a new dimension.

The interesting struggle is no longer between the English and French Canadian novelists. Both have finally given up trying to impress or condemn the other and are content to go their separate ways.

The Literary War of 1967 is basically English Canadian with only affectionate references to the French Canadian approach and style by the new English literary garde who recognize its advanced superiority. The unrest is primarily another case of the young questioning the rightness of an accepted tradition.

As the other conflicts in Canada, the revolt of ideas has come to an open confrontation in the self-confidence of our "non-controversial" Centennial year with the pub-

lication of two important Canadian fictional works.

Each epitomizes the views of the challengers and the challenged. The former are represented by Scott Symons in *Place d'Armes*; the latter by *Return of the Sphinx*, the latest effort of McGill's Hugh MacLennan.

The conflict they represent is neither new nor Canadian. It is as old as the 20th Century and as international as creativity and expression. Symon's rebellion began with Joyce, Celine, Durrell, Genet, Lawrence, Kerouac, Grass, and on.

Nevertheless, this extraordinary wealth of revolutionary masters and the possible tradition-within-the-anti-traditionals should not decrease from the power and importance and uniqueness of Symon's personal effort. Everyone should go through a period of revolution, but this does not make each such transformation less of a powerful personal experience.

The intellectually creative mind in the 20th Century social society may feel the need to try to express itself in prose or poetry in order to experience the mental stimulation and undergo a period of cold, cruel self-examination which only cold, cruel print can provide, in spite of McLuhan. The mind leaves and forgets everything but the body and itself. Self and knowledge thereof become everything.

This is Symon's experience and motivation. He writes a twenty-two day journal of his experiences and experiments with his mind and body to try to know them perfectly. Nothing is withheld, for reality becomes all-important to him for him.

Everything and everybody are subordinated to the author, for he is real. Every experience, even *Place d'Armes* with all its symbolism, is only important for its effect on the author. The reader is, above all, supremely unimportant to the experimenter. Symons only searches for Truth and Reality and Himself, regardless. Self-knowledge is above society and position and morals.

"By being merely objectively-subjective instead of subjectively-subjective it kills the Adventure! Dead... I would lose that appallingly magnificent immanence of the world -- that palpable presence of all sensations goring me now."

"Oh -- how difficult to write all this...each word a brand searing the flesh." Note that the pain is personally oriented -- what his words are doing to him for him, not what the public might say.

"That's it -- I am becoming my Novel." "Words were sacred to him: he really didn't dare play with them because they were his...a reality towards which he had to bear witness."

The moving experience for the reader comes with getting a chance to know the thoughts and feelings of a fellow human being, without stigmas or postures, in an age that rejects such free communication. The impact does not necessarily rest on identification with the author.

Full understanding of this man, which becomes so important to the reader, necessitates full involvement with the complicated ideas and observations of Symons. Personal emotion and humanity often become better keys to understanding than educational intellect or scientific scrutiny. It's an exciting and moving relationship.

It's for these reasons that Symons is such an effective rebel, against society and the traditions of Canadian literature. It is a valuable education to compare this first work of an involved man with the new novel of "Canada's best writer," Hugh MacLennan, an equally involved and sensitive personality but a member of the traditional school of Canadian literature. Value judgments are not the point here. Personal readership reaction is, though only to the individual reader himself.

An important sub-theme of the Symons book is to destroy MacLennan's "Two Solitudes" view of Canada. It is, interesting though perhaps off the mark. In literary style too, though no names are mentioned, it is MacLennan more than any other author that Symons is rebelling against.

"To write -- to recreate the world for one's own gut. Not to comment upon it, not to footnote it but to procreate it." "It might be a good novel -- but it wouldn't be

the book he had to have. It would be less than gut." The book must be "full of gut and not mere sheer competence."

These are what Symons likes and dislikes and in reading *Return of the Sphinx* this reader had to associate MacLennan with all that Symons was rebelling against. Unfortunately, it was a perfect fit.

I was unfortunate because occasionally the emotion and insight of MacLennan the Human Being would show itself from behind his puppet figures, enough to reveal the rich treasure of him, the Unique and Sensitive Person:

"How lovely it will be if death turns out to be white." "Hurricane weather but no hurricanes...Knowledge in unknowable quantities but never so many people telling each other they could not understand."

Beautiful and meaningful - but why spend a novel denying it?

Sphinx is full of these insights, MacLennan the Man viewing Canadians, the seasons, street scenes, society and love, but all in perfect short sentences scattered sparsely between all the meaningless, fictional, "gutless" print. And then: "If you ever let them see inside your soul they'll crucify you to save them-



selves from seeing what's inside of their own."

The gutlessness is exposed and Symons yells back, "Yes, banned because he had declared himself...banned because he had dared name himself." The glory of the Reality and the Gut.

And MacLennan can only answer: "When men grow older, it often happens that their imaginations become much stronger than when they were young." Is reality defaulted to the young?

Le Devoir said of *Sphinx* "Ce roman est en quelque sorte un cri du coeur." But a man isn't crying out -- only his situation is, and the cry loses all its effect.

(CONT. PAGE)

LA NOUVELLE ORIENTATION DE LA GAUCHE EN FRANCE



EN PARLANT

Dans l'euphorie suscitée par la fin de la guerre d'Algérie, et sa popularité portée au pinacle, de Gaulle crût le moment venu de mener la politique française à son gré. Mais à la suite de nombreux troubles sociaux (grève des mineurs en 1963 et plus récemment émeutes paysannes) de restrictions économiques

("plan de stabilisation") l'opinion française eût des doutes quant à la réelle valeur de la politique gouvernementale et amena le rassemblement des forces prolétariennes à s'unir pour lutter contre le lent étouffement des libertés démocratiques.

Le mouvement massif de la gauche unie eût lieu en 1965 au moment des élections présidentielles. Son but principal était d'opposer à de Gaulle un candidat qui puisse représenter les intérêts de ceux qui n'étaient pas en accord avec la politique gaulliste. La majeure partie de ces éléments provenaient sur-

tout des classes moyennes et pauvres, les plus touchées par la politique anti-sociale et adhérentes en majorité, ou sympathisantes, aux partis de gauche. Donc les divers partis socialistes, le parti communiste, le parti radical-socialiste, et différentes formations de gauche fondèrent "la Fédération de la Gauche" et offrirent de coopérer pour fournir à leur candidat un appui massif. Malheureusement, la plupart des Français voyaient d'un mauvais oeil ce mouvement qui se rapprochait trop, semblait-il, d'un certain Front Populaire mal aimé à son époque, et ce flottement, ajouté à la certaine popularité que de Gaulle possédait encore, donna le résultat que l'on connaît.

On ne peut nier en effet que le programme de la Fédération soit assez mal défini, mises à part les généralités de chaque programme électoral soit: politique de paix, de coexistence pacifique, d'aide aux pays sous-développés, de stabilisation économique, de progrès social etc... Son action n'est toutefois pas inutile puisque lors des dernières élections législatives le parti du gouvernement n'a obtenu qu'un siège de majorité.

Majorité qui est d'ailleurs précaire car certains de ses membres estiment indispensable de critiquer ouvertement le gouvernement lorsque celui-ci met la démocratie en danger (Décrets d'Août dernier).

AUTOUR DU NEZ

Il nous faut cependant dénoncer le malaise qui sévit au sein de la Fédération quant à la présence du P.C. et surtout à sa politique étroite et intransigeante vis-à-vis des tendances plus souples du groupe, attitude qui retarde malheureusement l'action et l'efficacité de la Fédération.

Mais, si le P.C. passe encore pour le parti révolutionnaire c'est parce qu'il entretient cette légende et emploie pour ce faire des moyens "staliniens" comme par

exemple de faire croire aux ouvriers et paysans que les "Trotskystes" (jeunes révolutionnaires) sont des réactionnaires et des fauteurs de troubles payés par le gouvernement pour diviser le monde ouvrier et paysan.

En réalité les vrais révolutionnaires sont les militants de l'O.C.I. (Organisation Communiste Internationale) et des groupes des jeunes socialistes qui coordonnent leurs efforts pour faire la Révolution telle que l'ont définie Lénine et Trotsky.

Les jeunes révolutionnaires ont dénoncé la trahison du P.C. qui ne représente plus les intérêts des masses laborieuses mais a instauré sur le modèle de Moscou une machine bureaucratique paisible où aucune divergence n'est acceptée.

À la lumière de ces faits on comprend pourquoi les jeunes révolutionnaires ont pris tant d'importance et aussi comment leur essor a été si rapide, c'est qu'ils ont laissé de côté les tergiversations de la gauche "officielle" pour AGIR, non pour promettre mais pour donner et c'est avec enthousiasme qu'ils se rassemblent nombreux (Journées des 24 et 25 juin, Assemblée du mois d'août en Angleterre) et c'est pourquoi également ils sont efficaces.

DE GAULE

Malheureusement, les guerres incessantes, qui ont ravagé l'Europe et fauché des générations complètes, ont privé la France de la sève indispensable qu'est la jeunesse et n'ont laissé, pour la gouverner, que de vieux politiciens aigris et conservateurs qui se complaisent dans la fange bureaucratique et adoptent une ligne de conduite erronée et rétrograde: l'exemple de la Fédération où chaque parti essaye de "tirer à lui la couverture" dans le seul but avide du pouvoir.

LA JEUNESSE EST LA FLAMME DE LA REVOLUTION PROLETARIENNE, et c'est avec elle qu'il faut compter pour préparer l'avenir.

Le plan de l'O.C.I. est simple mais clair: L'Ennemi, c'est le bourgeois, qu'il soit américain, russe, ou français, il est le seul obstacle à la révolution. Il faut que tous les prolétaires écrasés par le capitalisme ou la bureaucratie s'unissent pour lutter et détruire l'exploiteur et puissent jouir pleinement du fruit de leur travail.

C'est dans cette optique qu'il faut poursuivre la lutte et se montrer dignes de l'héritage d'Octobre.

par G.G.

'Literary Battle' Cont'd

The new armed battle for the direction of the future is being threatened around the issue: Is the Canadian way of looking at things a case of "self-confident detachment," as Edmund Wilson said of MacLennan? Pray God not. Self-confident about what -- himself, his world, his knowledge? Detached for what reasons -- in a world and a society where personal and social involvement must surely be the only justifiable approach?

What happened to the personal power and emotional gut

that came out so well in "Watch That Ends The Night" -- easily his best novel, if only because it showed a hopeful advancement for "involved" Canadian literature. Can't MacLennan see how important it is -- for all of us to know him as he knows himself and for him to know us as we know ourselves, to put aside faces and characters and covers, and bare ourselves to each other and, most importantly, to our real selves? This is what French Canadian literature has been doing for twenty-five years!

The artist, the man of sensitivity and beauty and

words, must, above all people lead each society and nation in this crusade against make-believe and deceit and ignorance. It takes guts and sacrifice and shame. "They" will probably crucify him. But, he must speak out, set out his case as it is in Truth for the sake of himself and the others to whom he gives a voice and a light.

Can the growing war between tradition and compromise versus reality and commitment be turned into a common crusade for knowledge through facing reality, things as they are? Can the real cry of an involved man

distressed at his fear of impotence replace the imaginary ones of irrelevant characters and situations? Either way, the revolt has begun not to reject beauty and joy but to take beauty and place it with truth and produce reality-joy and joy-reality.

English Canadian literature may never again be unobtrusive. It may be potent and, for once, be a source of leadership. It might, for once, be known and respected as a necessary complement to the society and the state. With those as goals, let the battle begin.



CAPITALIST DI-ARRHEA CRISES

by Bruce Robinson

World-wide rush to buy GOLD!

English pound devaluated!

22 countries follow!

Interest rates at highest levels in 50 years!

The fact is that there are two different kinds of monetary crises now occurring, a number of national monetary crises and an international one. The crises are evidenced by Central Bank discount rates of 8% in England, 6% in Canada, 5% in the USA, and similar rates in other countries. These rates are at historical highs and are attempts by the Central Banks to discourage borrowing by the commercial banks. Such borrowing increases the money supply and tends to increase prices. In the USA and Canada respectively, over the last 12 months, the money supply has been increased by 8% and 14%. In each case, this is substantially more than twice the rate of production increase. In such circumstances one would expect to find a surfeit of money and low interest rates. Instead, interest rates have sky-rocketed, with first-class mortgages in Canada now on about an 8% basis, and bonds of such prime companies as Imperial Oil bearing interest at 7% and more. Thus, despite the rapid and disproportionate increase in the money supply, interest rates indicate it is still not enough to meet the demand at former interest rates. Why is this?

MIDNIGHT...

An explanation commonly advanced is that investors are now so afraid of the continued depreciation of money in real purchasing power, that they will lend money on fixed income securities only at high interest rates.

They are said to want stocks or tangible goods for their money. There does not seem to be much evidence to back up this opinion, except

as a partial and non-fundamental explanation. There has not been any tremendous recent rush to buy stocks, if we judge by the evidence of stock prices. The Dow-Jones index is just about where it was 3 years ago and is about 12% below its all time high level of 2 years ago. There has, surely, been some buying of tangibles (e.g., diamonds, paintings, gold), but the amounts involved are relatively minor, and it must be remembered that for every buyer of such articles, there is a seller, so that the total money supply in the hands of the public is not reduced. Only in the case of sales of gold from banks to the public might it be said that the money supply is reduced, and this is on the assumption that gold in public hands is not money. Why then the monetary crisis and the high interest rates?

A KNOCK...

It would seem that the true explanation is that the "monetary crisis" is not due to faults in the monetary system, as such, but is a reflection in the financial area of distortions in the real economy, the actual productive apparatus.

One such distortion is the very high proportion of goods being produced which do not go on sale on the market. In 1966, 21.2% of our Gross

In 1966, 21.2% of our Gross National Product (GNP) was in the form of business capital goods. Government expenditures were 19.3% of GNP. A large part of these government expenditures were also for non-saleable goods (e.g., armaments, roads, public buildings). It would seem that about 1/3 of our entire production is for goods whose cost is not recouped by their sale. The cost of such production is very largely financed by borrowing through the sale of long-term bonds on the market since repayment will be made only over a long period of years. This naturally places a big strain on financial markets, tends to force up interest rates and to cause a shortage of money for other purposes. To the extent that the money supply is inflated to meet the situation, prices rise, so that the relative shortage of money remains and the interest rate rise is not only not checked but may be increased by a loss of confidence in money. If we produce a larger proportion of goods, which cannot be currently consumed, our standard of living and our financial system must reflect this fact.

IN HER NIGHTGOWN?

Relevant to the present crisis, also, is the theory that interest rates are basically determined by the profitability of the economy. When the economy is expanding

and profits rising, interest rates also rise, since business will pay higher interest rates to make higher profits. Conversely, when recession sets in, and profits fall, interest rates will follow the downward trend. The only time when interest rates diverge violently from profit rates is when a crisis is developing. At the top of a long boom, almost every government and corporation (and many individuals) are heavily in debt and have substantial debt payments and expansion commitments to meet. When profits and cash income start to fall, there ensues a panic, a rush to get money, not only for immediate use, but to make sure they will not be squeezed for cash in the future. With employment tending to fall, governments undertake public works and welfare schemes. They also sell bonds on the market to finance such schemes. The present flood of securities on our markets and the marked divergence of interest rates, rising sharply, while profits are starting to fall, seems symptomatic of an approaching depression. This seems to be corroborated by the US situation, where, despite the tremendous war production, the utilization of total capital capacity is only about 83%, unemployment is steadily rising and is now about 5%. Thus, despite very large new capital investment and tremendous production for war, the economy is not able to utilize its remaining resources to alleviate the condition of 1/3 the population, who live below the decency level. Is it not about time for us all to seriously ask what is to be done about a capitalist economy, which can only be fractionally utilized for the production of consumer goods, and which requires ever more war and waste to keep it functioning at all?

WHAT?

The international monetary crisis is related; it arises fundamentally from the fact that no single capitalist economy can consume goods to the value of its own production, except for exceptional



diarrhea cont

above actual, effective demand. Balanced trade with other nations does not solve this problem, but merely changes the form of the surplus. The theoretical demonstration of this inherent inability to consume total potential production is beyond the scope of this article, but the empirical evidence is plain: every nation strives by all means to increase its exports and limit its imports. Exports are encouraged by subsidies, government assistance to exporters, including insurance against loss from some causes, and by Trade Offices abroad, whose function is mainly to assist exporters. Imports are restricted by tariffs, quotas, embargoes, and "anti-dumping" regulations.

SLOWLY, A SHADOWY

So-called "over-production" is the endemic disease and fear of all capitalist states. In severe depressions, "poverty in the midst of potential plenty" has become a by-word; even at the height of our present war-induced prosperity, there is unemployment and substantial idle capital equipment. There ensues, necessarily, an effort by each nation to sell more abroad than it buys. A nation which does so is said to have a "favorable balance of trade." The term is significant: it is "favorable" to get rid of more goods than are acquired. A nation which has such a "favorable" balance of trade is owed money. The "money" universally acceptable is gold. A nation running out of gold must reduce buying from abroad to a level below its sales abroad. This tends to create a depression, since the standard of living had been based on imports for which it cannot now pay. To maintain its standard of living it must increase exports rather than reduce imports. There is, then, a continuous struggle among nations, to sell more than they buy, which is, obviously, impossible for all of them. The losers in this struggle ultimately owe money (gold) they cannot pay.

HER SOFT THIGHS

The operation of the gold standard was modified, when the International Monetary Fund was established, after the last war, as a credit institution for nations, from which they can borrow foreign currencies or gold, in order to avoid having to pay out their own gold, when their situation demands it. Having borrowed, they are supposed to put their house in order, i. e., take the necessary measures to obtain a favorable balance of payments, from which to repay the loan. Debtor nations have borrowed freely, but have not so easily obtained the required payment surpluses. The Fund has been replenished a number of times, but the result is the present international crisis and loud demands for a return to the full gold standard. All this eventually results in repudiation, by some debtor nations, of part of their debt, by devaluation of their currency. In buying abroad more than they sell, debtor nations distribute their currency to creditor

nations. These creditor nations do not want goods for it, because of their own surplus of goods, and can no longer get gold. The devaluation also, in effect, reduces the cost of exports to foreign buyers and increases the cost of imports to the devaluating country. It thus

SLIGHTLY PARTED

tends to help the balance of trade for the devaluating country and to reduce the standard of living of its inhabitants. There is a tendency for competitive devaluations to take place, and if this occurs on a large enough scale, world trade becomes chaotic and shrinks greatly. Although the "balance of trade" is fundamental, the "balance of payments" (the amount which a nation either owes or is owed on its operations) is considerably affected by other factors (e.g. loans made and received abroad, expenditures abroad other than for the purchase of goods, etc.).

HE PANTED

Thus, the USA has had, for many years, a large unfavorable "balance of payments," despite a favorable "balance of trade." This is because it has been lending, investing, and spending in other countries on a colossal scale. Part of these unfavorable balances of payments have been paid with gold from the American stock, which rose to about \$25 billion after the war and has now fallen to about \$12 billion. A large part of these unfavorable balance of payments, which were not paid in gold, are now represented by some billions of US dollars held abroad. If all these dollars were presented for redemption, the US would be driven off gold and the world monetary system would be in chaos. There would be no point of reference as to the value of any currency, since they are now all measured in dollars --because of the gold backing of the dollar. It is ironic that the most highly developed and productive nation in the world finds itself in a desperate monetary crisis, both nationally and internationally. It would not be in this position if it had not spent, lent, and invested abroad on such a scale, but in that case, the other countries would have been in the difficulties the USA now finds itself. If the USA eliminates or reduces its overseas spending sufficiently to balance its own monetary situation, it will throw many other countries into crises. In the competitive international struggle, someone has to go under.

Thus, the basis of the present international crisis, as of all past ones, is the inevitability of creditor and debtor nations, and the eventual bankruptcy of the weaker nations. Balanced trade and balanced payments between nations is not possible under capitalism.

Must we not ask ourselves why we allow to continue an economic system which will not allow consumption by each nation of the equivalent of its own production, so that the cut-throat struggle for export surpluses must inevitably lead to world crises, depression, and war.

Murder in Missouri

Three months ago, in the redneck country of the USA, Marjorie Sharp and Bertram Kidd were murdered, near the town of Buffalo, Missouri. It's probably too late for the killer to be caught--he has the whole USA to hide in and a fair headstart.

Why wasn't the killer caught?

The truth is that nobody--with the exception of Bertram and Marjorie's parents--gave a damn about finding out what had happened to them. Their friends and authorities, from here to Mexico City, get the blame and the guilt.

Police and diplomatic officials managed the dubious feat of turning up needed information two days after Marjorie and Bertram were found, two months after they had disappeared. The authorities, previously had adopted a cavalier attitude and couldn't have cared less.

Mr and Mrs Kidd were in Mexico two weeks, trying to get action: they wanted to know whether or not the pair had crossed the border into the USA. No one knew.

The Mexican authorities only wanted to know if the pair were hippies. "Parents never want to believe that their kids are hippies."

I travelled to Mexico City four weeks after Bertram's brother, Robert, had tried to get some action, with no results. The only "fact" people wanted to know was

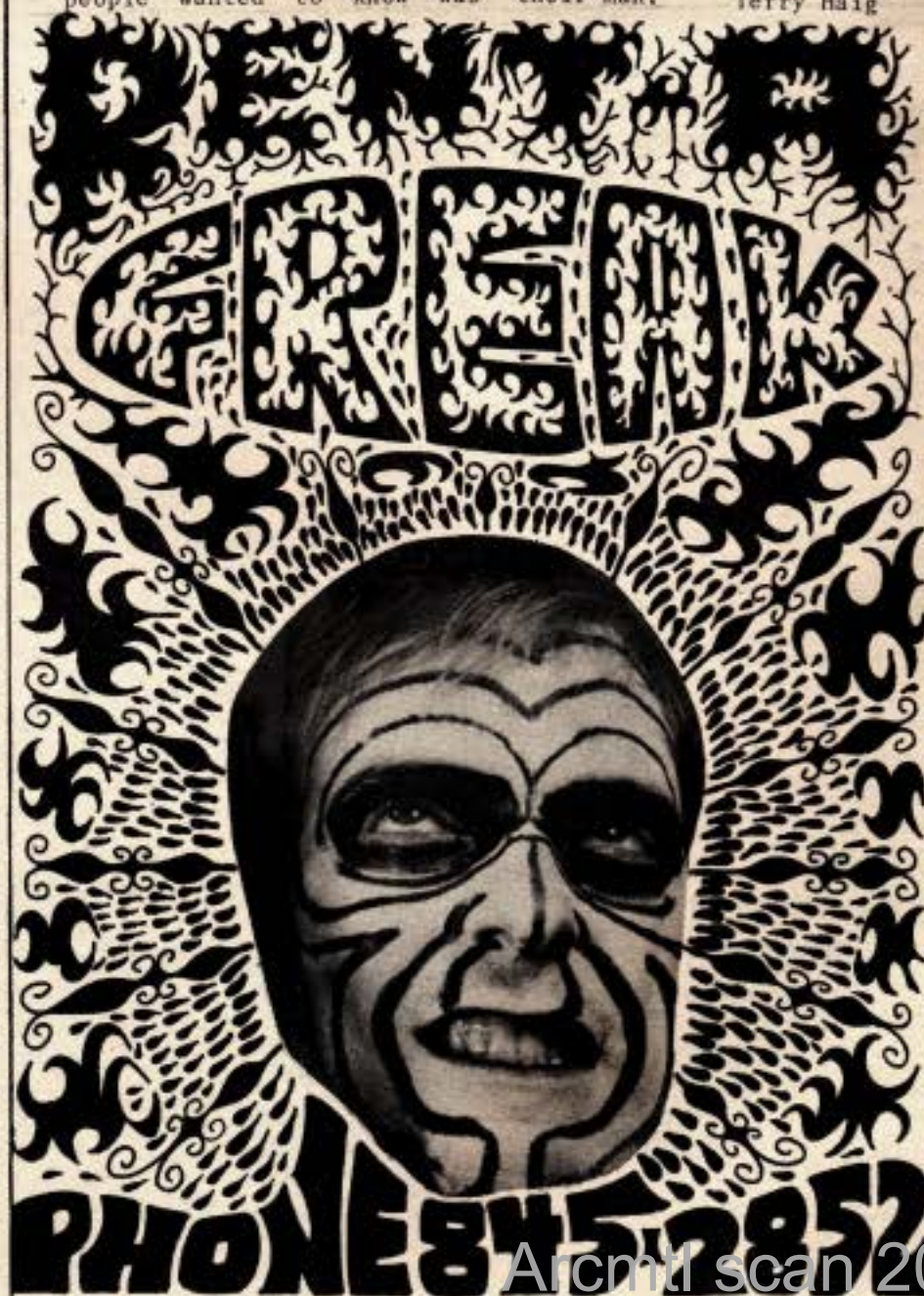
whether or not the missing pair were hippies. Once some one is classified as such, they are dropped from the role of human beings, as far as the authorities are concerned.

I went to the attorney-general, who assured me everything possible was being done but they had been unable to find out if the couple had crossed the border. I explained to him that perhaps something should be done quickly, since, when stories appeared, the Mexican tourist business might suffer. The next day, surprisingly enough, some police force found out that they had crossed the border, two days after they had been seen north of Mexico City.

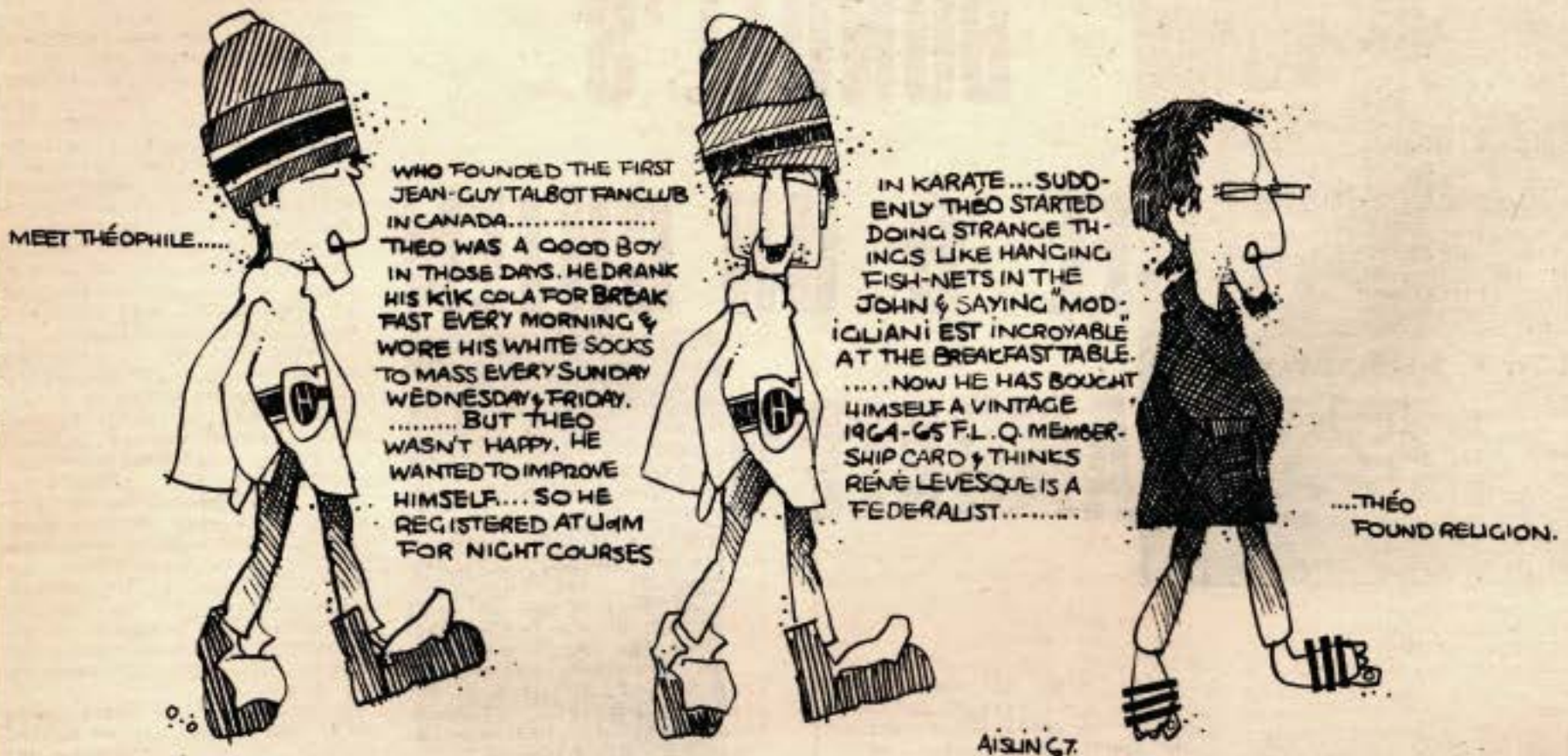
Mexican police work on the competitive system; instead of producing quick results, the competition results in chaos. The Kidds waited two weeks, but none of the police forces saw fit to call.

The Consular officials at the Canadian Embassy in Mexico City, added their bureaucratic bit. The explanation: They were unable to do very much, since they did not want to upset diplomatic relations with the Mexicans, "who are very touchy about matters such as this." They added, there had been similar cases, where it turned out the people simply didn't want to be found...

So what? The whole thing will probably happen again. People will continue to undergo the bureaucratic run-around; computerized bureaucrats will continue to attend cocktail parties; the Mounties will continue to get their man. Terry Haig



ALSOIN ABOUT LOOKING #1



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merde à tous les vaubans!

Nous vivons l'ère de l'inflation. Tout le monde sait cela. On inflationne pour tout et pour rien, de tous côtés. Jusque dans les condamnations pour délits politiques.

Curieuse époque en vérité. On communise, on socialise, on démocratise, on dictaturise aussi ... et beaucoup. Tout cela énerve. Alors, parallèlement, on espionne, on traque, emprisonne, torture, bâillonne de plus en plus. Inflationnairement quoi!

Pour qui aime la mathématique cela pose un curieux problème: plus la politique fait de vent, plus il est malsain de se trouver dans les courants d'air. A moins, à moins, bien entendu, de jouer les coupe-vent.

Il est probable qu'il n'y ait jamais eu d'époque dans l'histoire où plus d'hommes ont été emprisonnés pour leur idées politiques, dans autant de pays. Mais tout est bien, car tout le monde oeuvre pour la justice, la liberté, la dignité, l'égalité ... tiens ... inflation de vocabulaire. Devant tant de bonté, que voulez-vous qu'ils fissent? Qu'ils se turent!

CURIEUX PANORAMA

Il est curieux, sinon intéressant, de faire un peu de géographie pour mieux voir la

réalité. Partout - du presque - on traque la bête pensante. Celle qui sort du rang. Celle qui se sent à l'étroit dans les idées bien élaborées, doctrinées, administrées, militarisées, encensées, légiférées, gendarmisées, et policées.

En France, il y a encore des prisonniers politiques. Bien entendu, il s'agit d'anciens OAS. Alors ... Mais, la limite, ils sont là à cause de leurs idées.

En Espagne ... eh bien! il y a Franco. Au Portugal, Salazar. L'Angola lui cause des maux de tête. Alors, il coupe celle des autres. Et dire, qu'il y en a qui prennent des aspirines. En Grèce, c'est la même musique. Paraît qu'on a même réouvert les camps de concentration.

Au Canada, on en compterait très peu. Tous au Québec. Mais on ne les appelle pas comme ça. Il ne faut pas ternir le blason confédéral. Mais...

Les pays socialistes (ARE!) ont aussi leurs dissidents. Qu'on se souvienne des écrivains en Union Soviétique et en Tchécoslovaquie. En Bulgarie aussi, il s'est passé. Après la révolution, on culturalise... tout cela reste un casse-tête.

Japon, Pakistan, Inde, Thaïlande, Corée, ont leurs

délinquants. En Indonésie, on les comptait par milliers. Souskarno... sanskarno, les choses n'ont pas changé.

Les pays arabes présentent un phénomène curieux. Non seulement y a-t-il des prisonniers politiques de toutes tendances, mais, dans certains cas, on emprisonne des communistes, tout en recevant l'aide des pays socialistes. Egypte, Liban, Syrie, Tunisie sont dans le même coup. Israël ne manque pas à l'appel. Là, il paraît que ce sont surtout ceux qui refusent de porter les armes.

Lybie, Soudan, Arabie, Yémen doivent posséder des listes intéressantes de prisonniers politiques. Au-delà du Sahara, les choses ne vont guère mieux. Qu'il s'agisse d'élite noire ou blanche, on emprisonne avec une égale désinvolture. Au Ghana, les militaires remplissent les geôles des partisans de Nkrumah. En Nigéria en pleine guerre civile les prisons ne doivent pas chômer.

En Amérique Latine, paradis des totalitarismes galonnés hormis l'Uruguay et le Chili où l'on présume qu'il n'y a pas (encore) de prisonniers politiques, tous les autres pays ont leur comptant d'indésirables.

Enfin, les Etats-Unis d'Amérique, épice de l'uni-

vers démocratique et occidental, n'ont d'autre remède pour tous ceux qui par conscience, refusent d'aller au Viêt-nam que ... la prison. Et cela n'est rien. Attendons que les "étés chauds" reviennent et voyons comment on s'y prend pour refroidir la température.

CONJUGUONS L'ABSURDE

A par de ça, c'est Noël! Jolis cadeaux, jolis dîners, jolies familles, jolis sourires ... joli monde. On estime que 100,000 êtres humains pourrissent dans des prisons à cause de leurs idées... Joli monsieur, que voulez-vous que cela me foute? J'ai d'autres soucis...

Ah, oui! l'inflation... que je suis bête. Mais que se suggérez-vous? Conjuguer... au présent? J'inflationne, tu inflationnes, nous inflationnons, vous ... jusqu'à quand? Ah non! Non! Non! Je voudrais avant que tu emmerdes, qu'il emmerde, que nous emmerdions tous les Vaubans!

PAR ODRAN



(Montréal première at the Verdi Cinema last week)

Superficially viewed, Luis Bunuel's 1952 film *EL* might seem much like many of the melodramas of the 50s, which are often of interest now more for their peculiarly dated styles in clothing (the padded shoulders of men's suits, long hemlines and clumsy-looking shoes of women) than for any notable stylistic effects in filming. True to the promise of its English title (*This Strange Passion*), *EL* deals with sexual passion which has become perverted, but anyone who expects either the psychological excesses of *Psycho* or the blatant nudity of *Blow-Up* will be disappointed. Its principals remain fully clothed at all times and, except for a climax in which Francisco reaches the peak of his madness, their emotions appear similarly buttoned-up, hidden from sight.

Bunuel's effects here are subtle and cumulative rather than striking, and of psychological rather than cinematic complexity. His theme of jealousy involves the usual confrontations between a husband's imagined cuckoldry and a wife's bewildered innocence, but introduces into this pattern elements which carry the film far beyond the realm of soap opera. For example, Francisco approaches his sleeping wife armed with a bizarre array of items, which he obviously intends to use on her: rope, scissors, disinfectant, cotton wool, a needle, and thread. Since his wife awakens before he can do much more than begin to slip the rope around her arms, he is unable to carry out his intentions. Bunuel offers no further suggestions as to just what they might have been. Faced with a number of grisly possibilities, the viewer may or may not conclude that the most psychologically suitable of them

would be the sewing-up of her vagina in order to render her symbolically chaste once again. Understatement---or even non-statement---of this type creates a quality of tension in the film; the very lack of overt expression of the horrors of a diseased mind compels the viewer to fill in the details with his own imaginings, and imagined horrors are generally worse than any depiction of them might be. Aware of this, Bunuel cleverly allows us only the sounds of Gloria's sob and outcries as she is being "dealt with" by Francisco after her innocent encounter with one of his business associates. The impression of unnamed actions of perversion going on behind closed doors, in a context of upper-class decorum, reflects the social situation of Francisco himself, for he is, in the eyes of his priest, his friends, and his servants, a man above reproach: idealistic, proud, sensitive, quiet, pious. His wife's attempts to tell others about the hell she is being subjected to are met with disbelief and shocked rebuke, especially by the priest. Only when Francisco exhibits his madness publicly, by attacking the priest on the steps of the altar, is his true nature fully realized.

Yet the madness which Francisco suffers is not only defended by the church, but appears to have been stimulated by certain of its aspects. It is not an accident that Francisco first falls in love with Gloria in Church: the ceremony of the priest ritualistically kissing the feet of the poor is directly linked to Francisco, who notices Gloria's feet at the same time. The point is reiterated, later, when, during an argument with her, he suddenly becomes passionate towards her upon catching sight of her feet again. The line between pious ritual and sick fetishism, Bunuel suggests,

REVIEW:

BUNUEL'S EL & UN CHIEN ANDALOU



is a very fine one.

An even greater anti-religious statement is made at the end of the film, when Francisco is shown in the robes of a monk. In a monastery, one feels, his idealistic desires for perfection and purity, without their paranoic manifestations, can find an outlet. However, as Francisco walks away from the camera for the last time, he zigzags peculiarly along the monastery path exactly as he once zigzagged up the odd staircase of his eccentrically designed villa. Far from being cured, he appears to have merely found the ideal place for his strange type of passion to have its outlet in an acceptable, and even commendable, way!

Un Chien Andalou, created by Bunuel and Salvador Dali in France (1928), is a remarkable 30 minute excursion into a world of desire, frustration, and impotency, as seen through the lyrical symbols of an apparently Surrealist approach. Without a secure grasp of Freud, one may miss many of these symbols; yet the film still conveys a poignant sadness and sense of despair which transcends its dream-like complexity.

From the opening scene, the film is, literally, an

eye-opener: Bunuel himself appears, with razor in hand, and calmly slits open the eyeball of a woman---the heroine. This mechanical and horrifying act of de-virgination, suggesting also the loss of an organ, and, therefore, castration, introduces the hero's central preoccupations, in terms of an imagined projection of his hopes and fears. "Eight Years Later," as the subtitle says, our hero appears, riding on a bicycle, a sensitive, effeminate boy-man, dressed in a frilly parody of a nun's habit, symbolizing, perhaps, the emasculating effects of his religious upbringing. Ironically, Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" accompanies his movements, and continues, as he falls from his bicycle in front of the girl's flat and is rescued by her: surely, a bad start to an affair.

What follows is a complex mosaic of symbols: the ex-cyclist's hand, which is filled with ants crawling from a hole (sexual desire, but mutilated), the woman's armpit (pseudo-vagina), breasts and buttocks, mechanically fondled, and many others, which reveal desire at its most sadistic, with the woman continually taking the masculine, aggressive role. Our young hero, trapped by his stultifying education (in one scene we find him dragging, in despair, a fantastic composite symbol of two priests and two grand pianos, upon which lie the decaying corpses of two mules, with bleeding eye-sockets), fails in his seduction. This is due, it is implied, to his background and his emasculation (close-up of his mouth covered by hair), which, as the girl's last derisive gesture to him indicates (she sticks out a phallic tongue), is largely her doing. She, too, fails: we last see her, in the film's final scene, buried with her new lover, up to her waist in sand, under the ironic title, "in springtime." So much, Bunuel seems to say, for modern love, in a film which is funny, ironic, and sad, all at once, but ultimately tragic in its condemnation of the destructiveness of barren lust.

B.M. & J.P.



theatre like it

is : A REVIEW OF THE CRIMINAL SCENE IN QUEBEC

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES

A play by John Herbert, showing widespread corruption, brutality, and homosexuality in a Canadian penal institution. Directed by Mitchell Nestor and presented at "Le Centre" from Nov. 22 to Dec. 10, 1967.

"The crime rate in Canada is the worst in the civilized world" (Former Justice Minister Guy Favreau)

LES REHABILITES - a committee of rehabilitated ex-convicts, who are demanding from the Québec government a radical program of self-rehabilitation.

"In Ontario a man behind bars has a far better chance of a parole than a man in Québec" (Dr R. W. Shepherd, president of Montréal's Halfway House *The Gazette*, Dec. 13, '67)

(Ed. note: On Friday, Dec. 8, LOGOS invited two ex-convicts from "Les Réhabilités" to see "Fortune and Men's Eyes."

After the performance we listened to their comments and future plans in a St-Laurent café.)

"We have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Without money, without work



and without hope many of us have no choice but to pull another "job" to stay alive.

"Under the present outdated system, 60% of the prisoners return to prison sooner or later. And prison let me tell you, is nothing more or less than a school for crime.

"You take a guy like 'Smitty' in the play, who's in for six months on his first offense. By the time he gets out, he's a hardened criminal knowing all the tools of the trade. It's a vicious circle. No wonder so many guys commit suicide... And you're wondering how I appear more or less normal after seven years in St. Vincent de Paul? Don't judge a book by its cover, my friend.

"The play tonight? It is not only true what you saw but worse. Especially in the older group where guys get bumped - off if they don't play the game. One night we were watching a movie and the fellow in front of me got knifed in the back. When they turned on the light, it was the wrong guy who 'got' it. Usually these things occur because of queers. At least 25% of the prisoners are like that or become that way. Now in the play tonight there were four prisoners to a cell. Not where I was. Always three or five, so there couldn't be any couples. Now take a guy like me, who's

straight. You have to fight like hell. Never accept any favors, so they don't ask for any returns.

"These things have got to change. And they're only going to be changed by us guys, who've been through it all. There are 120,000 medically and criminally rehabilitated persons in the province and 8,2000 in Montréal alone. We don't need any professional people who have spent four or five years in University studying our problems. We know what our problems are. Bet-

ter than anybody else.

"Next week we are meeting with assistants to the Ministers of Welfare, Health, and Justice, with our demands. Our demands? We want government aid to set up our own rehabilitation centres where prisoners can learn trades to fit the twentieth century, where they can make products that can be sold on the market and where we will get paid to help support our families.

"And we want our wives to be able to visit us in prison so that our family life is not completely destroyed. (The Mississippi State Penitentiary is the only one in North America which allows such visiting, resulting in bolstered morale, reduced recidivism and homosexuality. Ed note). It's human dignity that we're talking about.

"And like I said before: we have our backs to the wall. We have nothing to lose and everything to gain."

CONVICTS OF THE WORLD UNITE YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS? This is not to say that they do not have their organizational problems, organizational difficulties in their committee. It tends to be dominated by one aggressive, but hard working, individual, who has issued some questionable statements, e. g., that the committee actively represents the 130,000 rehabilitated persons in the province.

Under the threat of massive and violent demonstrations, "Les Réhabilités" have a "foot in the door" of the Québec government, but it may be there at the price of unity in their movement. Two principal collaborators have recently formed another organization called SUR--Service Urgence Réhabilitation. It is to be hoped that their difficulties can be resolved.

by
Rob Kelder



